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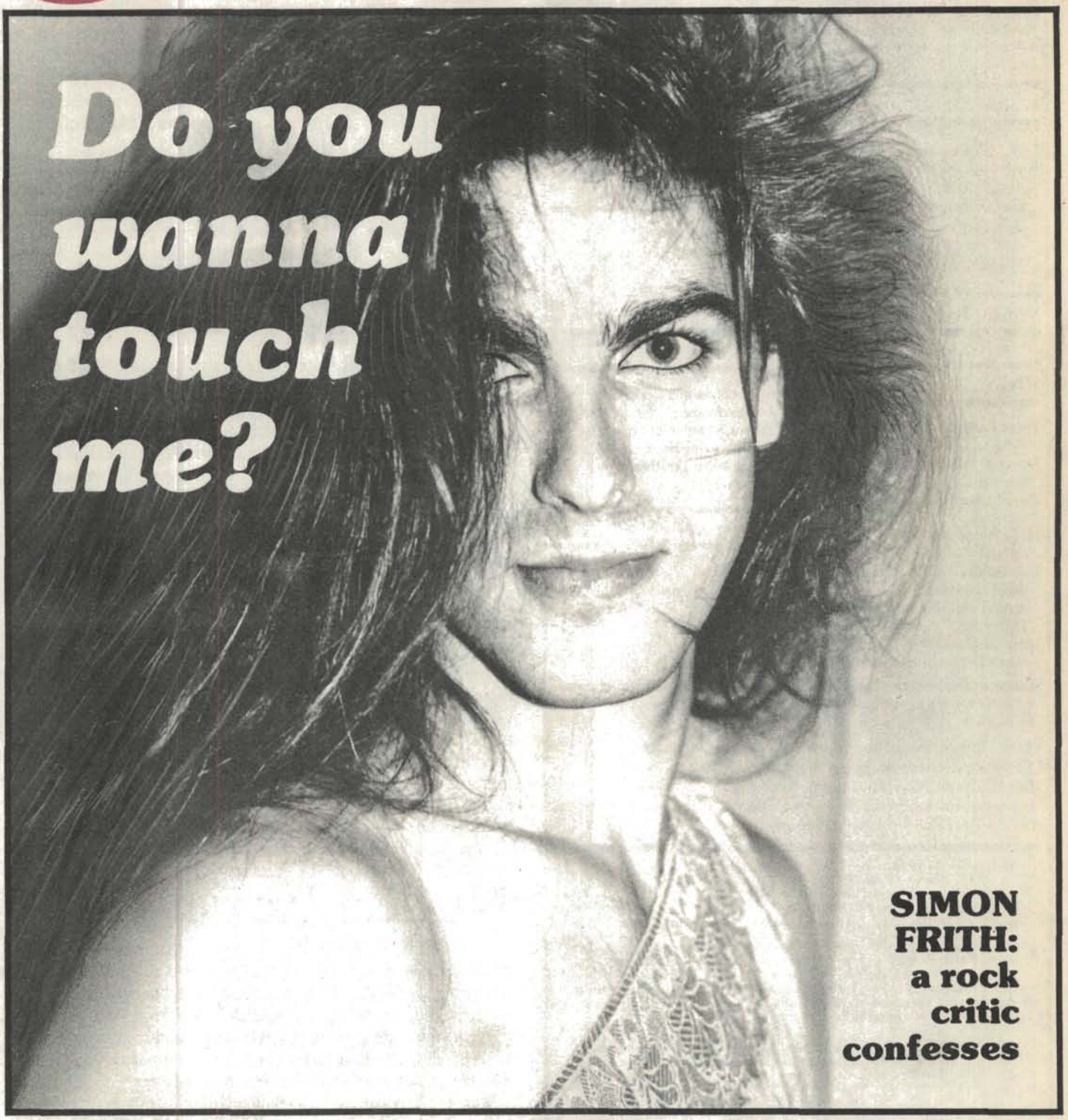
New Statesman



Do you wanna touch me?

SIMON FRITH: a rock critic confesses

JAMES BALDWIN: Letter to Bishop Tutu

MICHAEL LEAPMAN & ANGUS CALDER go to Edinburgh

PHILIPPE SORBIER: Greenpeace sinks the Elysée?

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New Statesman

Cover photo: Lead singer from Sin & Sacrifice. Photo by Kirstin Rodgers

WEEKEND

Fan males
Rock once seemed to offer tough male sexuality for passive consumers. Now the messages are confused — or were they always more complex asks **Simon Frith** 21

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New Statesman

Vol 110 No 2840 23 August 1985

No room for MI5

IT WOULD BE ludicrous — indeed is ludicrous — to imagine that down a remote corridor in the labyrinth of the BBC, in an obscure room numbered 105, sits an anonymous official stamping Christmas trees on people's files, were it not that (praise the *Observer*) we now know it to be true. The careers of many journalists have been damaged. It is a testament to their talent and energy — no doubt the very qualities that drew them to the attention of MI5 in the first place — that those we know of seem to have survived.

The story of MI5's role in the BBC adds another demoralising twist to the continuing crisis of confidence in the BBC's independence. Although employees of the Corporation recently united to assert their commitment to complete editorial independence of the government, there has certainly been an acceptance amongst senior staff making journalistic appointments that candidates could be vetted for suitable beliefs. Who did they suppose, if not an agency of government, was doing the vetting?

There is, of course, absolutely no justification for MI5 playing any role in, let alone vetting journalists for, the BBC. BBC journalists are not privy to State secrets denied to other journalists. They are not expected to carry out feats of sensitive journalism which other journalists do not. And the public has one particularly good protection against the danger of subversive news reporting: they get to judge the product every time they turn on a news broadcast. So, a powerful factor, do editorial colleagues.

Some BBC employees have access to State secrets for which normal MI5 vetting might be justified. These are the handful of staff especially paid by the government who are concerned with wartime broadcasting. Most of them are engineers. None are journalists. For these, the BBC should adopt the same procedures as apply in the civil service. It should make clear which posts were subject to vetting procedures, allowing the union to challenge their categories where appropriate.

None of the excuses put forward by the BBC for giving house room to MI5 holds water unless it believes it *is* an arm of government dealing with State secrets; or unless MI5 has mysteriously changed its legal brief to clearing left-wingers out of public life, especially the media. Over to the Home Secretary for comment on that one — except that he has already brushed aside all post-Cathy Massiter evidence on MI5's failings. □

Nuclear barrier reef

THIS WEEK'S THREAT by President Mitterrand to use force against any Greenpeace ships sailing into the French nuclear testing site in the Pacific is, in the light of recent events, singularly tasteless. But his belligerent assertion of French rights is at least topical. If you are determined to find new and more sophisticated ways of using the atom to kill people, you cannot avoid setting off nuclear explosions to test out your new theories.

That is one reason why the Soviet Union's unilateral decision to halt nuclear testing for five months from 6 August, the fortieth anniversary of Hiroshima, seems an important breakthrough. Or it would have been had not the governments of Britain and the USA so contemptuously dismissed President Gorbachev's first major initiative. Such current displays of national posturing come at an especially inopportune time. Next week, representatives

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from most of the world's governments meet in Geneva for the five-yearly review of the Non-Proliferation Treaty. It will be the third review of the treaty, which lays down limits on the possession, exchange and development of nuclear weapons. Most importantly, it also places on the signatories the obligation to pursue negotiations on effective measures to end the arms race and reach an early date for nuclear disarmament. The treaty is now under such severe strain that its very future is at risk. Without some attempt by the states possessing nuclear weapons to fulfil their disarmament obligations under Article VI, the treaty is likely to disintegrate.

BRITAIN'S ATTITUDE to the treaty reeks of dishonesty. The official line is that it is taking the promised steps towards disarmament and that it can be proud of its record. In reality the British representatives at Geneva should be hanging their heads in shame. For a start, the plan to expand British nuclear capability by developing Trident with a little help from the Americans is certainly in conflict with British duties under Article VI and could also breach Article 1 which forbids the transfer of nuclear warheads between nuclear weapons states. Secondly, the British Government has refused to distinguish between atoms for peace and atoms for war, a separation the treaty tries to enforce. Thirdly, the presence of a submarine carrying nuclear missiles in the South Atlantic during the Falklands war will have increased the alarm of countries without nuclear weapons who have long demanded — and failed to receive — guarantees that they will not be attacked by nuclear weapons.

Of course, if the British government continues with its slavish echoes of the Reagan Administration's cold war rhetoric, there is little point in it attending the review conference at all. Britain has no good reason for rejecting the Russian offer of a moratorium; the American excuse that it can't verify the moratorium has been shown to be untrue. □

Punjab's future

THE ASSASSINATION of the moderate Sikh leader, Harchand Singh Longowal, by a Sikh extremist in a Punjab village this week has shocked all those who want peace to return to the strife-torn Indian province of Punjab and believe that a united India is of key importance in the development of the whole region. Whatever doubts there are about India emerging as the region's super-power, few believe a fragmented India holds out any hope for economic development or political democracy.

This murder is certainly a set back for the peace negotiations that culminated in the signing of the treaty between Mr Longowal and the Indian Prime Minister, Rajiv Gandhi, on 24 July. It has also ruined Mr Gandhi's desire to see an early return to democracy in that province which has been ruled from Delhi under emergency laws since 1983. Although most Sikhs have little sympathy with the murder, Mr Longowal will be hard to replace. His death also illustrates how vulnerable Sikh political leaders will be to violent attacks.

However, it is already clear that the murder of Mr Longowal, unlike that of Mrs Gandhi or the army storming of the Golden Temple, will not prove to be a political gain for those Sikhs who are demanding a separate state of Punjab. Mr Longowal had a large following not only in the mainstream Akali Dal party but also within the Sikh community in general.

There may be political implications for Indo-Pakistan relations. Mr Gandhi has, in the past, accused America and Pakistan of involvement in India's domestic affairs and of stirring political violence in Punjab. Bilateral talks for the improvement of relations had recently been initiated. Although Mr Gandhi has so far shown considerable skill and restraint in defusing violent situations, a leaderless Sikh community will again destabilise both the Punjab and relations with Pakistan. □

On the right lines.

The joint BR/LRT travelcard for the Greater London area was launched in January.

It's had a very enthusiastic reception from commuters.

There are now about 90,000 regular Capitalcard holders in London.

Capitalcard gives greater freedom and flexibility to the traveller. It gives unlimited travel within your selected zones by bus, train or tube at all times. It's also generally cheaper than the combined season ticket and LRT Travelcard.

Disability no handicap on BR.

Coaches on all InterCity 125 trains are now much easier for wheelchair passengers to board. And special toilets for the disabled are beginning to appear on these trains, too.

Improved facilities are being built into 57 Inter-City stations. Dropped kerbs, handrails, improved signing, portable ramps, more wheelchairs and special toilets are being provided.

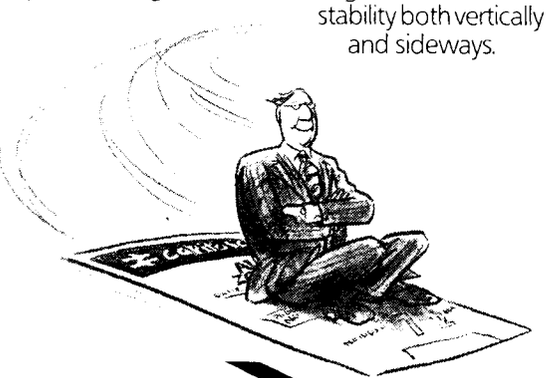
And at London Bridge, Victoria, Waterloo, Paddington, Euston and Liverpool Street, a four-wheeled electric "courtesy" buggy is providing transport between the station forecourt, the booking halls and the trains.

Levitation: the latest way to travel.

The first train in Britain to work by magnetic levitation has gone into use for air travellers.

It links Birmingham International Rail Station and Birmingham Airport. The driverless trains "fly" 15 millimetres above the track with coaches carrying 32 people at a time, at a speed of 40 kph.

Electromagnets attached to the underside of the train simply raise it from the steel rails. Special arrangement of the magnets ensures total stability both vertically and sideways.



We're getting there.

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YTS FUNDS LOOK SET TO TUMBLE IN 1986

MANPOWER SERVICES Commission (MSC) estimates on the cost of the new two-year Youth Training Scheme (YTS) show that the government is looking for major spending cuts in the new YTS which starts next April. CONOR RYAN reports

ON MSC FIGURES, it looks as if there will be a 21 per cent reduction in real term funding for 'Mode B' schemes, and an 11 per cent drop for 'Mode A' trainees. Mode B YTS schemes tend to be those in deprived inner cities and more disadvantaged communities. Mode A are usually in larger companies and local authorities.

Figures in the MSC's *Development of the Youth Training Scheme* show that no account has been made for planned increases in trainee allowances. From April 1986 the present £26.25 rises to £27.30 in the first year and £35 in the second year. Changes in the method of payment to the agent have particularly hit Mode B schemes, as efforts are made to standardise two types of scheme, with a 'premium' for Mode B training.

Taking two typical cases, it is possible to illustrate the effect the shortfall will have — and there is no indication that extra money can be found.

The first, a Mode A local authority scheme with 245 trainees, now gets an average £171 monthly per trainee. In the new scheme this falls to £169. But if just 100 of the 245 are in their second year, the real value of the allowance, pre-inflation, is £152. That's a drop of 11 per cent.

More seriously, on the Mode B workshop scheme with 80 trainees, the average is now £333 per trainee, to allow for greater overheads. In the new scheme this falls to £279. And if just 30 are in their second year, the real value is £264 per month per trainee. A shortfall of 21 per cent.

The figures are based on *maximum* available grants. The MSC claims that these figures will be 'clarified' later, but already there is considerable concern that the Government has assumed the two-year YTS can be introduced with reduced funding. The figures also seem to make the claims of ministers that the two-year YTS will bring improved standards ring hollow. If anything, they seem set to fall.

British Youth Council chairperson, Malcolm Ryan, who sits on the MSC Youth Training Board, said this week: 'If the funding for the two-year scheme is not improved, standards will decline. I hope the MSC will now press for more money for the Scheme. ●

CASH SHORTFALLS À LA MODE

Mode A (245 places)

AT PRESENT	p.a.
Agency fee	£26,950
Block grant	£477,750
	£504,700
Average per trainee monthly	**£171**
NEW ARRANGEMENTS	
Agency fee	£26,950
Monthly block grant	£470,400
	£497,350
Average per trainee monthly	**£169**
With new allowance	**£152**

Mode B (80 places)

AT PRESENT	p.a.
Operating costs grant	£60,480
Staff salaries	£140,000
Trainee allowances	£109,200
	£309,680
Average per trainee monthly	**£333**
NEW SCHEME	
Agency fee	£8,800
Basic grant	£153,600
Premium grant	£105,600
	£268,000
Average per trainee monthly	**£279**
With new allowance	**£264**

Paul Mattsson

ONE of 19 Anti-Apartheid demonstrators arested Friday 16 August outside South Africa House — making a total of 54 arrests in three weeks. Police hoisted their own banner reading: 'You are causing an Obstruction.' Meanwhile, three AA members' houses were raided and a pair of trousers and a paint pot removed 'for forensic tests'.

Terry O'Halloran

Greenham

Magistrate now protests about 'forced' photos

GREENHAM WOMEN have scored a small but significant victory in their long drawn-out tussle with the police and the courts. A Newbury stipendary magistrate has written to Ministry of Defence police at Greenham air base protesting against tactics used to pressure women into having their photos taken.

Magistrate T Maher said in court on 9 August: 'It's disturbing if the threat of withdrawing bail is being used to obtain women's photos against their will.' He'd just heard a case of nine women arrested for breaking the recent MoD trespass bye-law.

Like others of the 1,000 or so women arrested under the new bye-law since April (see *NS* 16 August for further detail) five of them had been heavily persuaded to agree to be photographed in exchange for their release. The other four had kept their faces hidden with hats and scarves for three hours until police eventually agreed to allow them out on bail without photos.

One of the defendants, Cynthia Cockburn, tells the *NS*: 'As we were taken into a portakabin to be charged, a plainclothes CID policeman jumped out from behind a screen to snatch a photo. I had covered my face but they were so insistent they wouldn't release me that I eventually gave in.' She and the others from Hackney Greenham support groups have since filed official complaints.

Cynthia Cockburn says they decided at their hearing on 9 August to cross-question police about the photos. 'After listening, Mr Maher told us: "You have a police officer on oath corroborating what you say".' Greenham women report that since their complaints and the hearing police have softened up on the forced-photo tactic, which was also used during the miners' strike.

Jane Dibblin

Britain sends 9 gays to Old Bailey trial

IN AN EVENT unprecedented on either side of the Atlantic, nine voluntary workers born of the modern lesbian and gay movement have been committed for criminal trial at the Old Bailey by British authorities. National Council for Civil Liberties (NCCL) expects that the trial, due late 1986 or early 1987, will be 'one of the most important test cases of censorship this century'.

Two lesbians and seven gay men, eight of them unpaid directors of Gay's the Word bookshop in London's Bloomsbury and one of them a shop-worker, were committed for trial this Tuesday, 20 August, accused of conspiring to evade Customs prohibitions on imports of obscene or indecent articles — in this instance, books. A director of a Philadelphia-based exporter of lesbian and gay publications, Giovanni's Room, *has been cited as a co-conspirator by Customs, though beyond the arm of UK law. (See also James Baldwin this issue p8, author of the famous gay novel for which the American distributor was named, writing about South Africa).*

After seven weeks of wading through 'a considerable mass of literature', magistrate Christopher Bourke this Tuesday delivered a 10-minute opinion. He stated that according to his own understanding of the law — though this does not have binding force on higher proceedings — Customs are going to have to prove to judge and jury BOTH that books imported by Gay's the Word to so-called 'safe houses' (prosecution term) were obscene or indecent, AND that the defendants believed at the time that the British public at large would regard the works as obscene or indecent.

A statement by defendants, which will be admissible before the Old Bailey jury, was read out on Tuesday to spontaneous applause: 'The faceless bureaucrats in the Customs & Excise department who bring this prosecution '(it concluded)' are seeking to withdraw a fundamental right from the homosexual section of our community. We look forward to submitting our case to a jury of our fellow citizens, confident that they will vindicate our rights, which are their rights as well'.

Jolyon Jenkins

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NO DEMOCRACY, PLEASE — WE'RE CONSERVATIVE

CONSERVATIVES at national and local level are trying to block attempts by Labour councils to make sure that the names of everyone entitled to have a vote appear on the electoral register. PETER KELLNER reports

LAST YEAR a pilot survey by Haringey Council 'discovered' an extra 10,000 people whose names had been omitted from the register (see *NS* 22 February). News of this startling figure has prompted other Labour councils to take up the issue — to the evident distress of the Tories.

Last week local government minister Kenneth Baker blocked a request by the GLC to be allowed to spend £300,000 of its own money on a London-wide publicity campaign to persuade people to register this October so that they would have the opportunity to vote in next May's borough elections. Baker justified his decision on the grounds that electoral registration was the boroughs' job, not the GLC's — so they should do the campaigning.

Yet when Southwark Council voted to spend £80,000 on precisely such a registration drive, local Tory leader Toby Eckersley opposed the project on the grounds that it was 'party political'.

Similar objections have been lodged by Tories in Haringey to the borough's plans to follow up last year's pilot project with a comprehensive campaign, involving 300 interviewers, to visit every household in the borough this autumn. The campaign is being launched this Friday 23 August at Alexandra Palace, where an airship is being launched bearing the campaign's slogan 'Claim your vote'.

It would, of course, be better if a nationwide campaign were run by the Home Office, which has overall responsibility for electoral arrangements. Earlier this year it discussed tentative plans for a campaign with some local electoral registration officers, but decided that it could not do anything major this year. It does, however, plan a modest publicity scheme for November. Closing date for returning the 'A' form from which the register is compiled is 10 October. ●

Benazir flies home

BENAZIR BHUTTO, daughter and political heir of Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, the executed Prime Minister of Pakistan, flew home this Tuesday 20 August with her brother Shahnawaz's body, after about two years exile in Britain. Shahnawaz died in Cannes on 18 July under mysterious circumstances.

Political observers in Pakistan believe her return could revive democratic forces in a country under martial law since 1977. The event is also of tremendous importance for the Bhutto family and their Peoples Party, which has so far been unable to make any remarkable political gain since Bhutto's execution, despite popular support.

Will Benazir be able to deliver the goods this time? Will a party which failed to stop Bhutto's execution in 1979 now take advantage of his son's death to stage a come-back?

Some believe that Benazir should be able to play a more effective role now that the country has an elected parliament and a political structure, though subservient to the military junta. They say the low turnout in the December 1984 referendum to win popular support for President Zia, and the defeat of his ministers in last February's elections, have weakened the military regime.

The regime is also being pressurised by newly elected parliamentarians to lift martial law,

Camera Press

Home after 19 months — Benazir

and has suffered a further blow from the revelation of a coup attempt by junior officers of Pakistan's army.

Democratic forces gained further momentum after a successful public meeting in Lahore on 14 August, reported to be the biggest political rally in the country since 1977.

The exiled Peoples Party leaders in London predict violent riots in Sind, the ancestral province of the Bhuttos, if people are stopped from attending the funeral of Shahnawaz Bhutto (hundreds of thousands are expected to attend). If political violence erupts in Sind again, as in August 1983, and if other provinces don't join the movement for the restoration of democracy, it will only strengthen opponents of a united Pakistan.

Anwar Iqbal

MISCELLANY

Mayor, dustcart etc

Many Miscellanies ago we reported that Tory-run Westminster Council — prop Lady Shirley (*Tesco*) Porter — had decided to celebrate an entirely spurious 400th birthday, namely its own. In fact Westminster proper only came into being in the 20th Century. However, Miscellany has proved

powerless against the might of the Westminster PR machine, and the entire borough has now been plastered in banners and stickers bearing the strange legend '400 years of Westminster.' To add insult to ahistoricism, the dustbin lorries read '400 years of Westminster — well done'. In view of the Tory inspired pruning of Westminster's services, why not 'Two years of Lady Porter — overdone'? Get to it, lads....

On principle, you see

Another victory over the forces of darkness. Earlier this year Economic Affairs, *the journal of the right-wing Institute of Economic Affairs, asked the* NS's *Peter Kellner to write an article on Socialism and Markets. If you operate according to market principles, you'll pay, of course, replied Kellner. After humming and hawing, the apostles of free market forces agreed they couldn't be seen evading those self-same forces. Which is how, this week, the assembled office witnessed the exquisite spectacle of a £50 cheque, drawn against the IEA, winging its way to the Labour Party.*

Pot blackens kettle

Hardly credible that we should be obliged to mention the *Sunday Times* again — no we aren't on a retainer — but eyebrows were up all over the place at editor Andrew Neil's performance in Edinburgh this Monday as he took part in the TV festival panel discussion on television and coverage of terrorism. He laid into the American network ABC's coverage of the Beirut hostages crisis, denouncing its reporters for not being objective, savaging one of them for asking Nabih Berri 'do you have a message for Reagan?'. Peculiar double standards they have over there in the redoubtable *ST*. Was it not Neil who in the winter of 1983 at the height of the mass picketing of Eddie Shah's Stockport Messenger offices in Warrington was on the blower to Home Secretary Leon Brittan urging him to strengthen the local police presence (*NS* 6 January 1984)? It was.

PM scrapes bottom

Last week's Gallup Poll in the Daily Telegraph, showing Labour at 40 per cent, the Alliance at 34 and the Tories at 24, and with Mrs T's satisfaction rating down to 30 per cent, hasn't yet been put in the historical perspective it deserves. Labour's 16 point lead over the Tories is the highest for 14 years; and while Thatcher's own rating has been lower — in the autumn of 1981 — she is back below the worst rating ever achieved by any previous post-war Tory Prime Minister. But don't tell too many Tories this: they might try to get rid of her — and that wouldn't do us any good, would it?

Sacrilege averted

And here's a tale of intrigue and skulduggery from... Grantham. There is, in the town, a CND group. It's small, naturally, but plucky. Not long ago, they decided to invest in an anti-Trident poster on a hoarding just opposite the former home of Grantham's most famous daughter. About a year ago the house was converted into an up-market restaurant called Premier's, with 1930s grocer shop decor in memory of Councillor Roberts — antique baked bean tins in the window and so on. Grantham CND negotiated the site with the Peace Advertising Campaign, and paid £75 for it, with another site in the centre of the town thrown in. But just a week before the poster was due to go up, and without warning, the hoarding was demolished. Workers carrying out the work didn't know why, except that it was a 'rushed job'. Not that Grantham CND is despondent: 'we're planning to put up a poster on the Molesworth fence and see if they demolish that too.'

'Seige' mentality

Plainly MI5 is in charge of the spelling on the Beeb too. Last Sunday night's trailers for the exquisitely titled Siege: A Failure of Intelligence, *about the Libyan embassy imbroglio of 1984, proclaimed it a SEIGE. Repeatedly.*

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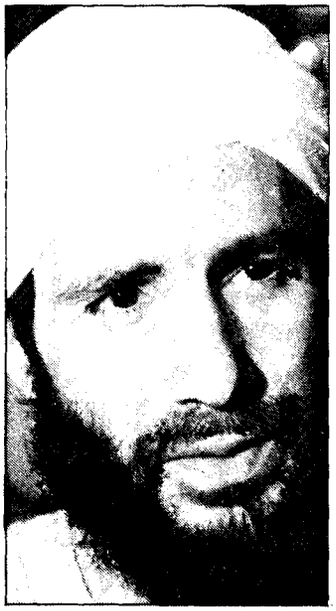

Camera Press

Yusuf Islam, who seems to have set a ball rolling into the DES's court

Islamic school set to achieve voluntary-aid?

BRITAIN COULD soon have its first Islamic school funded by a local authority. Education officers in the London Borough of Brent have produced a report which says there are 'no educational reasons' why the council shouldn't support a bid for voluntary aided status by the borough's already-existing Islamia primary school.

Founded in 1983 with cash provided by Yusuf Islam, formerly the '60s pop singer Cat Stevens, Islamia primary has over 100 pupils, many of them paying £300 a term in fees. If an application to the Department of Education and Science (DES) for voluntary aided status is successful, the local authority will meet 85 per cent of capital costs and pay the salaries of the seven teachers.

There are many voluntary aided Church of England and Roman Catholic schools, and a few Jewish schools, but Local Education Authorities (LEAs) have in the past always refused to back applications for similar status from Islamic groups. Voluntary status means that a school remains effectively under the control of the governors appointed by the Church — or, if the Brent application is successful, the Mosque — with the LEA having a representative on the governing body and meeting the bills.

'20 per cent Islamic'

A spokesperson for North London Islamic Circle Organisation, Abdul Karim, explained this week that the school spends 20 per cent of curriculum time on Islamic education and the rest on the basics — maths, English, science, and the like. Pupils, girls and boys, are taught Arabic, study and memorise the Koran, learn about 'manners and duties' and study the life of the Prophet.

There are over 10,000 Muslims in Brent, and Islamia school was opened after protests to the LEA that local schools didn't cater for their religious needs, although, it was claimed, those of Christians and Jews are met. In response, the LEA made reforms in its schools curriculum, stressing multi-culturalism and pluralism. Despite these initiatives support for the separate school grew.

If the Brent application is successful it will precipitate moves for separate but LEA funded schools in Bradford, Kirklees, the East End of London and potentially any area with a large Muslim community. Supporters of religious schools say this would be only fair and would meet the legitimate demands of Muslims to educate their children as they see fit. Opponents see it as a nail in the coffin of multi-culturalism in education.

There's little doubt that Brent council when it discusses the report on 17 September will approve the application. This in turn will make it very difficult for the DES to reject it.

Barry Hugill

Race row shuts down Islington branch offices

THE ROW between Islington council and local government union Nalgo over alleged racism in the housing department (see *NS* 9 August) has escalated into what appears to be the UK's largest-ever strike against racism.

Thirteen of Islington's 16 neighbourhood offices are now closed. The other three are operating on a skeleton staff of non-union or Masda employees (white collar workers in the GMWU).

Three other sections of the council voted to come out in support this week — the Race Relations Unit, the Women's Committee Support Unit and the Police Committee Support Unit. They say that as a lot of their work is concerned with combating racism it would be hypocritical of them to stay at work. Following a branch meeting decision to ballot the whole branch papers are now being sent out.

If the strike continues into September when the council resumes it could well provoke ructions within Islington Labour Party. The general councils of Islington North and South have passed motions supporting Nalgo's stance that employees found guilty of racist behaviour by council tribunals shouldn't be allowed to work with the public.

If the council sticks to its present position that one such employee, Ms Vi Howell, *should* work with public, Islington Labour councillors — who are in a sizeable majority — stand to find themselves heavily lobbied. ●

Alliance stays ahead in post-Brecon local polls

THE ALLIANCE PARTIES have taken a clear lead in local council by-elections held since the Liberals won Brecon and Radnor in early July. Labour would have done significantly better had it not been for a few disastrous results in normally safe Labour territory in Nottinghamshire and some parts in London.

Altogether 44 by-elections have been held since 11 July. The gains and losses tables is as follows:

	Seats defended	Seats lost	Seats gained	Seats held now
Con	19	12	1	8
Lab	16	4	5	17
Lib	2	—	10	12
SDP	1	1	6	6
Others	6		5	4

In 33 of the 44 seats candidates from Labour, the Conservatives and the Alliance were all represented. Altogther more than 80,000 votes were cast in these three-cornered contests. They were divided as follows:

Alliance	30,785	36.8%
Labour	25,727	30.7%
Conservative	24,739	29.5%
Others	2,741	3.0%

There was a bias towards voting in prosperous, traditionally Tory, suburbs and rural areas; one-fifth of the 'three-cornered' votes were cast in the GLC seat of Romford, whose boundaries are identical to one of the safest Tory Parliamentary seats in London. (No Tory candidate stood in the other two GLC by-elections.)

Taking this bias into account, I estimate that the national pattern of support implied by these figures is: Alliance 35 per cent, Labour 34 per cent, Conservative 28 per cent.

Labour's loss of the Vauxhall GLC seat is *not* reflected in this voting analysis, because — minor candidates apart — it was a straight fight between Liberal and Labour. However other poor Labour results are included. Two Labour losses in Nottinghamshire to the Alliance appear to reflect the divisions among local miners (Labour gained a seat from the Tories in the city of Nottingham itself, where few miners live).

Labour also did poorly in some parts of London, slipping from second to third place in St Andrews ward in Lewisham, coming within nine votes of losing Spitalfields ward in Tower Hamlets, and allowing Riverside ward in Southwark — previously held by an independent defector from Labour — to fall into Liberal hands.

Peter Kellner

Council scoreboard

11 July

Nottingham DC	LAB GAIN (Con)
Rochford DC	LAB GAIN (Con)
Rochford DC	LAB GAIN (Con)
Broxtowe DC	SDP GAIN (Con)
Vauxhall GLC	LIB GAIN (Lab)
Haborough DC	CON GAIN (Ind)
West Midlands DC	Lab hold
Erewash DC	Lab hold
Putney GLC	Lab hold
Redditch DC	Lab hold
S Derbyshire DC	Lab hold
Delyn DC	Lab hold
Romford GLC	Con hold
Glanford DC	Con hold
Bexley LBC	Con hold
Maidstone DC	Lib hold
W Somerset DC	Ind hold
Angus DC	SNP hold

18 July

Ogwr DC	LAB GAIN (Con)
Kirklees DC	LAB GAIN (SDP)
Malvern Hills DC	LIB HOLD (Con)
Wokingham DC	LIB GAIN (Con)
S Herts DC	LIB GAIN (Ind)
Northumberland CC	LIB GAIN (Ind)
Malvern Hill DC	SDP GAIN (Con)
Notts CC	SDP GAIN (Lab)
Tower Hamlets LBC	Lab hold
Oldham DC	Lab hold
Lewisham LBC	Con hold

25 July

N Wilts DC	LIB GAIN (Con)
Ashfield DC	LIB GAIN (Lab)
Test Valley DC	SDP GAIN (Con)
Reading DC	Lab hold
Warwick DC	Lab hold

1 August

Wealdon DC	LIB GAIN (Con)
Harrogate DC	LIB GAIN (Ind)
Lambeth LBC	Lab hold
Brent LBC	Con hold
East Devon DC	Con hold
Fareham DC	Lib hold

8 August

East Yorks DC	SDP GAIN (Con)
Charnwood DC	Con hold

15 August

Ashford DC	SDP GAIN (Lab)
Southwark LBC	LIB GAIN (Ind)
Glasgow City	Lab hold

Were you near a Newham 7 march?

NEWHAM 7 Defence Campaign (see *NS* 16 August) is asking for the help of *New Statesman* readers. Could anyone who witnessed arrests on either of the Newham marches please ring **Newham Monitoring Project** on **01 555 8151**? Any information could be useful. The first march was on 27 April 1985, and ended outside Forest Gate police station; the second was on 11 May and ended in Plashet Park, East Ham.

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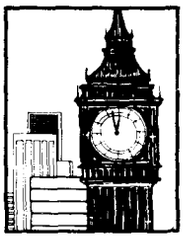

PETER KELLNER

Swinging Britain: round three of the great debate

THIS ONE COULD run and run although, for the sake of *New Statesman* readers as much as my own, I hope it does not. On 28 June I looked at the work of Dr Gordon Reece of Bristol University on electoral movements. He had devised the 'proportional loss hypothesis' — PLH — which stated, in essence, that when a party loses votes between elections, its likely loss in each seat will be proportional to the number of votes it had last time. So, if the Tories lose one-fifth of their support nationally at the next election, then their 30,000 votes in West Twittering will decline by 6,000, while their 10,000 votes in Grimtown Central will decline by just 2,000.

I concluded that Reece's theory was wrong, and that a more useful translation of votes-to-seats was provided by the traditional swing. To take my two examples, this would mean the Tory vote in both seats declining by around 4,000.

I argued further that this argument went beyond arcane psephological theory; a number of practical issues were at stake. (On this point, if no other, I imagine Dr Reece and I agree.) Last Friday's *Guardian*, for example, reported Dr Reece's extrapolation of the last Gallup Poll from votes to seats. Dr Reece calculated that the Tories' 24 per cent vote would leave them with only two seats according to PLH, while the traditional swing calculation would leave them with about 100. (My calculation gives the following figures: Labour 355 seats, Alliance 163, Conservative 106, others 26.)

On 12 July Dr Reece replied to my column. He accused me of not paying close enough attention to his work: 'I know it's a tedious business, reading and understanding things before you criticise them, but it does give that bit of extra credibility to your argument. This may explain the subtle difference between science and journalism'.

Oh dear. The point Dr Reece says I overlooked was that at the last election his PLH took regional differences into account: 'Applying the Gallup regional figures [two days before polling day] the PLH gave the correct result in all but 12 seats. Of course the PLH would have given the wrong answers if we had ignored regional variations...'

Of course. But nowadays when the *Guardian* and other papers trot out Dr Reece's latest calculations, these ignore regional variations, for the simple reason that they are derived from nationwide opinion poll figures. According to Reece's own logic, the application of PLH to these must also be likely to 'give the wrong answers'.

Nor is this simply a debating point. Dr Reece raised the question of regional variations for a reason. I had written in my original article that — with one set of exceptions that I shall return to a little later — there was no significant correlation at the last general election between the size of Labour's 1979 vote in a particular constituency and its decline in 1983; empirically, I argued, losses were *not* proportional. Hence PLH was wrong.

According to Reece, I had drawn a false conclusion. He accepts my figures, but explains them differently: regional analysis, he says, shows that in those parts of the country where Labour is strong, its vote held up relatively well, whereas in regions where the party is weak it collapsed. Given that pattern, Reece maintains, PLH still worked.

I HAVE TWO problems with this point. The first relates to the logic of Reece's argument, the second to its basis in fact. Naturally *some* regional differences emerge at any election. My point is that, beyond some fairly modest differences, there was a remarkable uniformity about the differences in voting movements in 1983. The reason why Labour's share fell by one-tenth in strong Labour seats and by one-quarter in strong Tory seats has little to do with North-South or urban-rural divides, but with the fact that PLH is wrong. What actually happened was that Labour's share of the vote fell by around nine percentage points in every kind of seat. Reece had to use regional figures for the simple reason that, at a stroke, these removed the most serious consequences of the falseness of his general theory.

The second point about Reece's regional calculations is that, even then, his theory does not work properly. He implies that while Labour's loss of votes was not proportional at a national level, it *was* proportional at regional level. To test this, it is necessary to take a region with a sufficient number and spread of seats. Greater London, with 84 constituencies ranging from safe Labour to safe Conservative, provides the clearest example.

In seats where Labour's vote in 1979 exceeded 50 per cent, its vote fell by an average of 10 points; according to PLH it should have fallen by 14. In seats where Labour's 1979 share was 15-30 per cent, its vote fell by an average of 9 points — instead of the 6 predicted by PLH.

So much for Reece's regional alibi. David McKie (Letters, 19 July) has already dealt with another of Reece's errors: the impossibility, according to Reece, of applying traditional two-party swings to three-party contests. It is perfectly possible and, as David said, provided an excellent way of translating votes into seats when he published the *Guardian*'s election swingometer during the 1983 campaign. Reece dismisses this (Letters, 2 August) as 'incredibly lucky'.

Presumably he would say the same about the BBC's election night prediction, based on a uniform-swing application of an on-the-day Gallup survey. The BBC's prediction came within two seats of the right result for each political group. (A detailed analysis of how this prediction was done is reported by Philip Brown and Clive Payne in issue 33 of *The Statistician*, published last year.)

Reece attempts to mock his critics by pointing to the consequences of a uniform loss of Conservative votes in seats where Tories are almost non-existent. In Michael Foot's constituency, Blaenau Gwent, for example, any nationwide Tory decline of 12 or more points would yield them a negative vote: they only have 11.2 per cent to start with.

Indeed; and, as I wrote in my original article, uniform swing does not apply to the handful of seats where the party losing votes has only a tiny number to lose. But in most seats — and certainly the kind of seats likely to change hands (which even the most enthusiastic Tory party worker must admit Blaenau Gwent is not) — uniform swing works far better than PLH.

There are practical consequences for following one theory rather than the other. If the Tories lose votes next time, Reece's theory predicts that all types of Tories are equally likely to desert: the rich stockbroker as much as the skilled manual worker. This means that Labour and Alliance activists should pay as much attention to converting a Tory supporter living in a detached house and with new Rolls Royces in the garage as to one getting by in a three-bedroom semi and with a second-hand Cortina parked outside.

According to the uniform swing hypothesis, plutocratic Tories will remain more loyal to Mrs Thatcher than, say, skilled workers. Among both groups there may be a 10 point fall in the Tories' share — but this would mean one in eight plutocrats deserting the Conservatives while among skilled workers one in four Tories change sides.

One final point for the statistically-inclined. The proper way to test these theories is to perform regression analyses on the 1983 seat-by-seat results. It is a common statistical technique: if the uniform swing theory is right, the best predictor of Labour's loss in any given seat will be a constant factor; if PLH is right, the best predictor will be the size of Labour's 1979 vote. Brown and Payne's work shows the constant factor to be far more important than either regional variations or the size of Labour's 1979 vote. Dr Reece has provided no regression analysis to justify his theory. This may explain the subtle difference between psephology and crap. □

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THE FIRE THIS TIME

Camera Press

Raised in black Harlem, New York, in the 1920s-30s, the son of a minister and himself a teenage preacher, JAMES BALDWIN (above) — *Giovanni's Room, Blues for Mister Charlie* — here answers a *New Statesman* invitation to speak out on Botha's South Africa with an open letter to Bishop DESMOND TUTU (inset), a brother, whom he has never yet met, in the mission to civilise the morality of the West. It is sent from France, where Baldwin has made his home

LETTER TO THE BISHOP

Though I am not a religious, or, more precisely a churchgoing man, I, like all black Americans, come out of the church — the black church, for we were not allowed to be members of the white one. I can, therefore, use an image which is part of my inheritance and say that you and I, who have never met on earth (but who may meet in that kingdom that you are struggling to make real) have already met: in hell. And a more felicitous dwelling place has a very precise meaning for those who meet in hell.

But this is a very particular and peculiar hell. It is not built four square. It is hard to convey the quality of the inhabitants. Every system involves a hierarchy, so perhaps I could suggest a system of this hell by observing that those who meet there manage to meet because they know where they are. The others — the minority in your country, the majority in mine — never meet because they imagine that hell is a place for others. They also imagine that they control this system.

It will be considered offensive — unpatriotic — to compare the South African situation to the American situation: nor will I, in fact, make such a comparison because I do not know enough about your country (I may not know enough about my own). Yet, you must have sometimes been struck, as I have been, by the vehemence of the Western leaders (my own nominal representative in France *en tête*) concerning global freedom and democracy; deep concern over Polish freedom, the determination of the American government to bring freedom to South America and the Philippines by any means whatever, and the ineffable gallantry of the British Prime Minister's insistence on freedom for the islands off Argentina.

But none of this bellicosity is exhibited in the case of South Africa.

To back track, and in order to make my point clear: I am certainly concerned about the freedom of the Poles in Warsaw; but the Poles, in Chicago, are Whites who hate Blacks. I am certainly concerned about Ireland: but the Irish, in Boston, are Whites who hate niggers. I may be ambivalent concerning the physical purposes of the state of Israel, but American Jews are, in the main, indistinguishable from American white Christians: and I would not like to be an Arab in Jerusalem. And Israel is, also, an ally of South Africa — which Western nation, indeed, is not? (And, it is worth pointing out that the ANC is as homeless as the PLO, for the same reasons.)

AND FINALLY, to discuss — I dismiss — 'the Russian menace': I have known very few black communists; black Americans, on the whole, are far less romantic than white Americans. The Russian menace has been invented by the West in order to distract attention from the moral and actual chaos in the West. People one day ahead of death by starvation do not huddle before their camp fires (assuming that they have any fire at all) reading Marx or arguing about dialectical materialism. And it is worth pointing out that my country, which accuses Cuba of exporting 'revolution', is the most notorious exporter of revolution of this century. Neither Havana nor Moscow has the remotest interest in each other — why on earth should they have? What could they have hoped to do for each other? No. It was expected that the USA, 'the last best hope of earth', a country itself born of a revolution, would be their hope and their friend.

But there are revolutions and revolutions — to leave it at that. They are glorified in the past. They are dreaded, and, in so far as possible, destroyed in the present.

Now, I do not know if what is happening in South Africa is a revolution (but perhaps each revolution redefines the word) but I do know this: the moral pretensions of the West are being tested and exposed, and the real meaning of the 'civilising mission' revealed.

You are, yourself, incontestably, one of the products of this mission, and so was the late Dr Martin Luther King Jr, and so was Harry Belafonte, and my mother and myself. Yet, we

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do not owe our presence to the Civilised. We are here in spite of the *Civilised*. And nowhere is this clearer than in South Africa now, and in the reaction of the Civilised to this slaughter. We are not white, we are black, and we exist

'The only solution to South Africa's crisis is for whites to accept blacks as human beings'

Bishop Tutu in Johannesburg, 14 August 1985

therefore, in this system, this hierarchy, on another, quite literally unspeakable level.

No one wishes to admit this, for it would be to admit something else. Africa fed itself, for generations, long before the Civilised arrived. As of that moment, Africa was forced to feed the world. There is not a single diamond mine, as far as I know, in England, nor as it turns out, enough coal to keep the English warm. My grandfather, perfectly capable of feeding his family and keeping them warm, was forced instead, to pick cotton to keep white families warm. The wealth of England and my country, the wealth of the Western world, in short, is based on slave labour and the intolerable guilt thus engendered in hearts and minds of the Civilised is the root of what we call racism. From this root spring the legends concerning — proving — the inferiority of black people. One must justify the appalling action of turning a man into a thing. To turn a human being into a money making beast of burden and, by this action, believe — or make oneself believe — that one is 'civilising' this creature is to have surrendered one's morality and imperilled one's sense of reality.

'The problem of the 20th century', W E B. DuBois, in 1903, 'is the problem of the colour line.' And this problem begins to arrive now in an unanswerable *dénouement*, in Africa, where white men — or perhaps white power — began it.

Finally, it is exceedingly hypocritical for the West to pretend that it will not apply sanctions against South Africa, nor disinvest, because this would hurt black people. This pretension is scarcely worth noting, much less answering. The morality of the West and its economic self-interest are allied, as they always were. Now, as the dungeon in which we were meant to be used for ever, shakes, one sees how little the free world trusts the possibility of freedom.

But you believe in this possibility — and so do I. Our assassinations and our funerals testify to the absolute truth that the world's present social and economic arrangements cannot serve the world's needs: and racism is the cornerstone and principal justification of these arrangements. And I am sure that you believe, with me, this paradox: black freedom will make white freedom possible. Indeed, *our* freedom, which we have been forced to buy at so high a price, is the only hope of freedom that they have.

Till me meet, then, Sir, and with my deepest respect, Yours in the faith. ' □

'I know that I am not about to be bugged by any more white jokers who still can't figure out whether I'm human or not. If they don't know, baby, sad on them, and I hope they drop dead slowly, in great pain'

The black woman Ida in Baldwin's *Another country*, written in 1961

James Baldwin will be reading from his work at the 'Third Eye Centre' Glasgow from 1-2pm on Friday, 23 August, and will be at The Performance Tent at the Edinburgh Festival for a 'Meet the author' session from 11-12.30pm on Saturday, 24 August.

AIR TRAVEL

JUMBO DISASTERS ADD UP

DAVID LEARMOUNT looks at whether air companies can survive the cost of crashes

IN THE LAST two months two Boeing 747 jumbo jet air liners have crashed, killing a total of 849 people. In the second accident it looks almost certain that the Japan Air Lines 747 was brought down purely by a structural failure: the reason for the Air India disaster remains a mystery, but serious structural failure is one of the theories which survives when tested against the little evidence available.

Taking a simplistic view, therefore, it would not be surprising to see Boeing products stop selling, airlines flooded with ticket cancellations, a reduction in air travel, and an increase in insurance premiums for the airlines which would put up the cost of a seat.

There *will* be economic effects on Boeing and on the airlines but they will be temporary and they will not be questioned.

Boeing has a good reputation for safe products, and while the huge manufacturer might be reeling right now, its reputation will act like the ropes to a punch-drunk boxer; finally the company will be saved by the bell, which in this case is the public's short memory and desire not to believe the worst and media boredom with the subject.

These are not the only factors that help Boeing and, more specifically, the jumbo itself. The 747 is one of the most successful airliners in the history of air transport: over 600 have been built, and nearly 600 are still in air line service. It has no direct competitor, nor is one even planned, and it will continue to sell steadily into the next century. The standard seating capacity is about 450, while the nearest competitor which remains in production is the McDonnell Douglas DC-10 which can carry about 350.

The 747 is still the most cost effective aircraft available to those airlines which operate well travelled routes, particularly long-range ones, even though its basic design is a '60s one. Even if the safety of the 747 were seriously in question, the airlines would not give up the aircraft: they simply cannot afford to.

The world's aviation authorities, while watching carefully to assess the implications of the JAL and Air India crashes, will not issue any grounding or compulsory inspection orders lightly. Apart from holding to the first class safety record of the 747 (no previous accident has been attributable to airframe problems) the authorities know that to ground the entire fleet for safety checks would take half a million airline seats a day out of the world's skies. There would be air travel chaos.

Engineering inspections will not cost an efficient airline a great deal, though if unsuspected faults are found the picture changes.

Nor will airlines lose significant custom as a result of the crashes. In the past, a few travellers have booked with a competing airline rather than the one which was involved in the accident, and for a brief period more people ask what kind of aircraft they are booked on. In the days since the JAL accident some passengers have asked for seats in the rear cabin because they have become aware that this is the place where crash survivors are likely to be sitting.

These passenger reactions are, however, short lived. Fear fades — and for most, there is no alternative to air travel. It will be interesting to see, though, whether the reactions continue for a longer period where Air India is concerned, because in the case of the Air India jumbo accident there are two frightening factors: the event was known to have been disastrous, but the cause remains a mystery.

IN THE END it is the insurance companies which are hit hardest, or most directly anyway, by major crashes. Up till now, 1983 had been the worst ever year for aviation insurers. But pay-outs for 1985 by Hull Insurance have already far exceeded the 1983 total. Liability claims promise to be damagingly high. Yes, rates will go up in 1986, says Ray Jeffs, an underwriter with Aviation and General Insurance: but no, rates will not affect air fares, say both Jeffs and British Airways. They point out that for a large airline with a good safety record its insurance premiums are less than 1 per cent of the value insured, and can be as low as 0.02 per cent.

Yet for some insurers, crashes can have a good effect on the market. Underwriters have had poor or negative returns on aviation since the early '70s, because of overcapacity in markets like Lloyds. Last year was an exception. Safety was excellent but the crashes of 1983 had just forced rates up. After bad years, underwriters who have got their fingers burned leave aviation, and those who remain can charge viable rates. But the best insurance is simply that, despite the average human's suspicion that man was not really meant to fly, there is really no choice. □

David Learmount is air transport editor of Flight International.

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BR GOES FOR A FIGHT

After the miners, the railworkers. But this time the government is looking to the courts, reports MICK HAMER

TRANSPORT SECRETARY Nicholas Ridley has been trying to provoke the National Union of Railwaymen (NUR) into striking before the guards have balloted on the disputed driver-only trains and so clobber the union with the government's anti-trade union laws.

Although the dispute is officially between the NUR and British Rail, it is the government which is calling the tune, as in the coal strike. Management sources at British Rail say that the hard-line decisions are being taken by the chairman Bob Reid. Reid is in close touch with Ridley.

There is a split between Reid and BR's industrial relations director, John Palette, at least in approach. Palette is in frequent contact with the NUR's general secretary Jim Knapp in an attempt to bring the two sides closer.

The strategy of confronting the public sector unions and picking them off one by one was laid down by Ridley in an internal Conservative Party paper, which was leaked in 1978. Ridley, who was a member of the cabinet's emergency committee which dealt with the coal strike, wants retribution from the rail unions for their support of the miners. Defeat of the NUR will, he hopes, bolster the Tories' sagging reputation in commuterland and the road lobby.

Meanwhile, the BR Board is walking, or being pushed, into using the courts to suppress union opposition to its narrow financial aims. It already has a £200,000 suit against the NUR over the boycott of the rail bus. If the NUR had officially backed the walk-outs — which it believes BR has deliberately provoked — before a strike ballot, it will be again liable under law. Hence the decision to bring foward the ballot.

A BR spokesperson said this week that management was not relying on the anti-strike laws to win the dispute for them and that they would prefer to settle all conflicts through the industry's own procedures. However, BR has chosen not to refer this issue for arbitration to the national railway tribunal. There would be no point, said the spokesperson, because the NUR has already conceded the principle of driver-only trains.

In fact, the NUR has agreed only to trains without guards on the new Moorgate to Bedford line, and to three trials on freight trains. There have been no serious attempts at negotiation this year. BR began putting the pressure on again only after the miners' strike ended in March this year. Then on 30 April, British Rail wrote to the NUR: 'I thought you should know that the General Manager E.R. (Eastern Region) is planning to introduce in passenger service some driver only operated trains in the autumn of this year . . .' It was followed by a letter announcing an extension of driver-only operation on freight trains.

From then on, BR escalated its drive to impose unilaterally the operation of driver-only trains, sending home any workers who refused to co-operate. On 13 August they upped the stakes still further by announcing that they would sack any workers who failed to follow management instructions. They then proceeded to issue dismissal notices to workers who did not submit.

All this has put the NUR leadership in a horrible dilemma. It is bound by conference decision to oppose driver only trains. Its rank and file are anxious to stop any climb-down on the principle. But the leadership fears it is being manoeuvred into either disowning its members, paying hefty fines for escalating strike action, or committed to a miners' style all-out industrial war.

British Rail's case for driver only operation is simple. Trains have to compete with roads, which means cutting their costs, which means cutting labour costs. In fact, the real problem for BR is not that their labour costs are higher than those of road haulage firms (the ratio of manpower to load carried is far better on rail than road) but that BR has to pay the full costs of maintaining its own track for freight. In contrast, the cost of maintaining roads, to which heavy lorries do disproportionate damage, is heavily subsidised by the taxpayer. Under a different government, BR might have built its case round this factor.

British Rail has been equally silent on the question of safety. But the implications are grave. What happens, for instance, if there is a fire in a tunnel, and only one railworker in a train? The driver has to warn the line controller, stop trains on both lines and then evacuate passengers behind the fire. Two guards in Liverpool were recently commended by British Rail for their help in evacuating passengers from trains. There were 168 fires on trains last year. Fortunately serious fires are not common on trains, but neither are they common in football stands.

Then what happens if a driver is taken ill, perhaps with a heart attack? The train will stop automatically, leaving the passangers stranded with no way of knowing that the driver is incapacitated, or what to do if they eventually discover an ill driver in the cab.

In the case of an accident which blocks more than one track, such as a derailment, the driver has to put detonators on both lines and put a clip on both tracks to ensure that the signals on both lines stay red by shorting out an electical track circuit. This could easily involve a walk of several miles. The driver might be dead, unconscious or seriously injured.

Oddly for a public sector industrial dispute the public seems to side with the union. Normally during a rail dispute the NUR gets hate mail by the sackload. But this time the union is getting a steady stream of 30 or 40 letters a day, many from women and pensioners, supporting their stand. Public transport with a guard on hand to inhibit, or deal with, frightening behaviour is known to offer the vulnerable non-car owner precious access to mobility. □

Rex Features

Who helps the passengers if the driver of a single operator train is hurt?

CHANGES TO NS LISTINGS

Starting with our issue dated **13 September**, Listings in its present form will be abolished and a new Listings service, called **AGENDA**, will take its place.

For a free leaflet giving full details of how the New Statesman's AGENDA column can help organisers of groups and meetings with their publicity please contact David Jones on 01-251 5487 or write to AGENDA, New Statesman, FREEPOST, London EC1B 1EB.

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Denis Doran

David Bellamy getting publicity but not support on Islay

ENVIRONMENT

FRIENDS OF THE EARTH COOK THEIR OWN GOOSE

ROB EDWARDS reports on why David Bellamy's troops were driven off by the defenders of the whisky bog

BY FAR THE most worrying consequence of the recent rammy over Duich Moss on the Scottish island of Islay is the way in which it has reinforced everyone's worst prejudices. Islanders are confirmed as boorish, materialistic whisky-lovers who couldn't give a damn about the environment. The conservation lobby is proved to be an organised conspiracy from the south aiming, in the words of one commentator, 'to transform the Highlands and Islands into a pleasant playground for well-heeled refugees from the urban rat-race'.

As a result the age-old environment versus development argument in Scotland has become dangerously polarised. You are either in favour of protecting jobs or protecting the environment, but you cannot be in favour of doing both. And any talk for forging an alliance between socialists and ecologists on Islay now looks simply demented.

Things were not helped by the fact that the battle of Duich Moss had all the necessary elements for a silly season news story — animals (rare Greenland white-fronted geese whose fronts are not particularly white), alcohol (Islay's whisky industry supposedly under threat), peat bogs (which give the whisky its distinctive taste), David Bellamy (imported by Friends of the Earth for publicity purposes) and an endless capacity for puns ('wild goose chase', 'good pimples' and even 'geesa break for peat's sake'). Added to that were the awkward public relations problems posed by any attempt to convince people of the environmental importance of seemingly boring bits of bog and cackling grass-eating geese.

But blaming bad publicity or presentational problems cannot hide the essential truth: what happened at Duich Moss was one of the environmental movement's more spectacular political failures. Somehow the campaign to save the Moss and the 600 geese who winter there has managed to unite right-wingers, left-wingers, capitalists, landowners and ordinary working people in vociferous opposition. Bizarrely, Scottish Malt Distillers — the subsidiary of the Distillers Company (remember Thalidomide?) — which wants to dig up part of Duich Moss, has been cast as the goodies, with David Bellamy and Friends of the Earth appearing as the baddies.

Apportioning blame for the fiasco is not easy. The government's Nature Conservancy Council (NCC), the main face of the environmental lobby in rural and island communities, is accused by Friends of the Earth (Scotland) of 'atrocious public relations' in the past. It is certainly true that the NCC has been singularly unsuccessful in getting across the conservation message in many parts of Scotland. Its role and remit have made it look like an enemy of rural development.

On Islay the breakdown of trust between the NCC and the people has been virtually complete. The main landowner, Lord Margadale, has long refused to allow the NCC access for surveys, a policy reaffirmed since the battle of Duich Moss. NCC regional officer Sandy Kerr complains that islanders no longer believe anything the NCC says, just like many communities no longer trust the nuclear industry.

THUS IT IS perhaps unfair that it has been Friends of the Earth (FOE) who have taken most of the flak, though of course they are not blameless. Ever since they decided to intervene — rather late in the day and in response to the urgings of some NCC officials and researchers — they consistently underestimated the opposition.

The original plan was to attract local people to a public meeting by the presence of David Bellamy, explain why the government's go ahead for the development was unacceptable, and then take direct action to prevent the construction of an access road across the Moss. But as soon as the meeting was announced towards the end of last month, senior executives from Scottish Malt Distillers flew to Islay to persuade the contractors to bring forward the start of work by a week. FOE were then forced to decide whether to initiate direct action well in advance of the public meeting or to risk the bulk of the access road being completed before the meeting took place on 5 August.

Understandably they decided on the former course, but in so doing broke one of the golden rules of direct action: the need to always try and ensure at least a measure of local support. Opponents were thus able to win backing at the public meeting by exploiting the sensitive issue of law-breaking.

FOE were similarly outmanoeuvred by a small group of influential islanders led by independent councillor Donnie McKerrell, the chairperson of the local council planning committee. His successful campaign to encourage islanders to come to the meeting and reject the conservationists' case was characterised by the kind of scare-mongering of which environmentalists are often accused. He suggested that every islander's livelihood could be threatened and drew emotive comparisons with the Highland clearances.

In fact the alternative to digging up Duich Moss — continuing to dig up another piece of peat bog nearby — does not threaten a single job on the island. The NCC have even offered Scottish Malt Distillers compensation for any extra costs incurred.

FOE seriously underestimated how readily

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McKerrell's pleas would incite hostility towards them. The organisation's London-based staff in particular — not always seeing eye-to-eye with FOE activists in Scotland — seem not to have understood the tortured history of clashes between the development and environment lobbies in the Highlands and Islands.

A series of disputes in recent years — over the Integrated Development Programme in the Western Isles, over a proposed ski development in the Cairngorms and over some forestry schemes — have left many remote Scottish communities with the firm impression that conservationists are either the modern equivalent of last century's absentee landlords, or the green-wellied hunting, shooting and fishing fraternity in disguise.

Ironically FOE in Scotland, recognising this problem, have long been attempting to overcome it by pushing for the integration of conservation and development policies. The preservation and enhancement of long-term local employment opportunities by the encouragement of light industries has rightly been seen as a crucial part of any genuinely ecological approach. It will now be more difficult for FOE to put this message across north of the border — although by returning to Islay at the weekend they have begun to try and mend fences.

The fall-out from Duich Moss has not all been negative, however. Scottish Malt Distillers at least promised to reopen negotiations with the NCC which must bring some (but not very much) hope of progress. A few optimists in FOE even argue that the Moss and its geese might end up being saved.

But whatever happens to Duich Moss, there is no denying that the widespread publicity has provoked a forceful backlash of support for FOE and the environment. The letters to newspapers and a spate of encouraging telephone calls to FOE officers have greatly boosted morale and members. As one of those involved jokingly remarked: 'A disaster like this is almost as good as having your boat sunk'. □

This England

£3 book tokens for entries printed. (On postcards, please.)

□Councillors at Erewash, Derbyshire have turned down plans by British Rail Staff Association members to lay 1,000 feet of model railways track, saying residents would be annoyed by smoke and noise from the five-inch engines. — *Leicester Mercury* (Stephen Lister)

□Should rat pie be re-introduced into the national menu there is plenty of raw material about. The recently published 'London under London' estimates the city's rat population at 10 million, with one of the highest concentrations under the House of Commons. — *Daily Telegraph* (James Scott)

□'A survey carried out by Gallup Poll shows that Britain is one of the happiest nations in the world and part of it is because of the video revolution, an expert said yesterday. Happiness for thousands of Britons is the whole family watching a video film on a Saturday night while eating a Chinese or Indian takeaway meal.' — *The Times* (P. H. Cox)

EDINBURGH FESTIVAL

BBC LIFTS THE DRAWBRIDGE

Murdoch and Peacock, MI5 and the IRA may not leave the BBC with any integrity to defend. MICHAEL LEAPMAN reports

THE CONTROLLER of BBC-1 stood up last Sunday to make his first contribution to the full-day debate on the future of broadcasting at the Edinburgh Television Festival.

'Michael Grade, ex-CIA,' he announced himself. The laughs were frayed at the edges.

Delegates had come to the meeting hot from reading the *Observer*'s scoop about MI5 vetting BBC appointments. Although most people knew that the security services took an interest in the corporation's personnel, the meticulous documentation of the eight cases of blacklisting, some on erroneous grounds, was a fresh blow to Beeb morale following the censorship of *Real Lives* — the subject of an angry debate in Edinburgh the previous evening.

In the *Real Lives* session, people from all branches of TV had drawn their wagons into a circle to defend the BBC (the institution rather than the governors). A letter had been sent to the chairman demanding that the programme be screened within six weeks, to save the corporation's credibility. After the MI5 revelation, it was legitimate to wonder whether an organisation whose independence is seen to be so heavily compromised is really worth saving. Its enemies are keen to submit it to the pressures of the market place. Are these in truth any more corrupting than the pressures on programmes and personnel applied by the government?

That view was not much heard in Sunday's talkathon. The wagons remained in position. The raiding force, led by Professor Alan Peacock in person, was repelled in this preliminary skirmish. Peacock, who heads a team producing a report for the Home Secretary on alternatives to the licence fee, could find few allies, despite his attempt to appear open-minded and non-threatening.

'I detect a touch of frenzy in the air,' he stated, 'as if my committee had the power of life or death over television. That is as far removed from reality as soap opera... Any suggestion that we are going to serve up a pre-cooked dish of political nostrums should be dismissed.' They were independent people who would judge the issues on their merits; and anyway their remit was to look at mainly technical questions of finance.

That was challenged by Janet Morgan, editor of the Crossman diaries and now special adviser to Alasdair Milne, the BBC's director-general. She insisted that it was misleading to present the Peacock Committee's brief simply as a technical matter of economics. It involved public policy and philosophy. It called into question the legitimacy of the present broadcasting system.

The debate lacked edge because so few of the TV professionals in the hall were prepared to argue against the present system of funding. On the platform were a clutch of sacrificial... hardly lambs, perhaps tigers. Rodney Harris of D'Arcy MacManus Masius Advertising — one of the first advocates of advertising on the Beeb — stated his case in familiar adspeak. He said there was today a greater demand for screen advertising time than ITV could accommodate and the transfer of that excess to the BBC would 'take the heat out of the inflationary spiral'. Translated, that means his clients will be able to buy time cheaper.

Independent producer David Graham made his familiar libertarian argument for confining public service broadcasting to just one or two of the available channels, financed by levies on the others. And Andrew Neil, editor of the *Sunday Times*, likened the broadcasting cartel to the Fleet Street cartel, where existing proprietors conspire with the unions to keep costs up and competitors out. He hoped Peacock would clear the way for greater variety and genuine competition in television, as Eddie Shah promised to do for newspapers.

The broadcasting unions are certainly as wedded to the *status quo* in their industry as are the print unions in theirs. That was confirmed at an earlier conference session concerning the effect on organised labour of any change in the existing pattern. The unions fear that the BBC have already done part of Peacock's work for him in their announcement last month of an economy package involving the loss of up to 4,000 jobs, partly by putting services such as cleaning and catering out to private contract. The cuts were urged on the management by the governors as a concession to the government's dogma, perhaps protecting the Beeb from the full savagery of Peacock rampant.

A less publicised part of the package is the decision that 150 hours of television time a year will be devoted to the work of British independent producers. Part of the aim is to deflect criticism of the BBC as a cultural megalith dominating the national consciousness. The unions see it more prosaically as 'casualisation' and oppose it fiercely. Unions traditionally prefer to deal with large organisations, more vulnerable to pressure than the small production houses — some of which, according to union officials, offer sweatshop working conditions.

More screen hours for independents must mean a cut in in-house production and consequent redundancies. Just as the sacked cleaning personnel will presumably be hired by the new private contractors, on inferior pay and pension terms, so will redundant technicians and creative staff be picked up by independent production outfits over which the unions have little control. The argument that more independent productions make for cultural diversity understandably cuts little ice with

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unions committed to protecting their members. To them, it is Thatcherism in its purest form.

THE TIMING of the Peacock Report is relevant in assessing what action (if any) the government will take as a result of it. The present plan is to deliver it to the Home Secretary next July — later than many expected but still too early, in the view of some delegates, for it to be a properly considered document. The government can scarcely publish it before September or frame legislation until well into the 1986-7 Parliamentary session. By then, the next election will be in everyone's mind and the Conservatives might decide to delay action.

The BBC could then be pushed into the (for them) uncomfortable position of relying on Labour to ride out of the sunset to the rescue. Norman Buchan, who is co-ordinating the Labour Party's evidence to Peacock, told the conference that if the Tories did force the corporation to take advertising, a Labour government would reverse the decision.

But the Beeb have every reason to question whether his intentions are strictly honourable. Over the years their relations with Labour have been on balance worse than with the Conservatives. It was Roy Mason, while Secretary of State for Northern Ireland, who made a direct threat to take action via the licence fee unless Ulster coverage was adjusted on his terms. It was Harold Wilson who leant on Hugh Greene to prevent a BBC interview with rebel Rhodesian Premier Ian Smith. It was Wilson again, when in opposition, who took legal action over the programme 'Yesterday's Men'. In the '60s and '70s there were numerous rows over BBC coverage of Labour Party conferences.

Most recently, James Callaghan put the frighteners on the Beeb in 1978, when he published a White Paper proposing the creation of supervisory boards for the television, radio and overseas services. These boards, appointed by the Home Office, would have been inserted between the governors and the board of management to exercise extra control over output.

The plan evaporated with Labour's 1979 election defeat. In the introduction to their 1980 Handbook, the BBC management expressed huge relief at the disappearance of the threat, with its 'implications of profound, and to our minds perilous, change in the constitution and practice of public service broadcasting in Britain'. No wonder there is a fear in Broadcasting House that if Labour does come to the rescue it will be at a price.

When I last wrote on this subject in the *New Statesman* I said it was difficult to determine a correct socialist line. I have now resolved that. Clearly the socialist position must be to defend the large public corporation against those who seek to fragment and privatise it. Yet those of us who are libertarians as well as socialists are still vulnerable to the seductive appeal of cultural diversity over duopoly, and might well be won over if there are more Portland Place scandals to come. □

INVESTIGATION: DUNCAN CAMPBELL & Patrick Forbes

DOCTORS WARNED ON NUCLEAR ACCIDENTS

Martin Bond

Bradwell: just take two of the tablets

EMERGENCY PLANS and advice to doctors on actions they should take in the event of a nuclear accident have been released by the DHSS. Copies of a circular on 'Health Service Arrangements for dealing with major accidents' have been sent to medical authorities, and a special leaflet — 'Advice for General Practioners in the event of a Civil Nuclear Emergency' is to be circulated to all doctors working within 40km (25 miles) of nuclear installations, chiefly nuclear power stations.

The one page leaflet claims that the probability of any accident is 'extremely remote'; it is said to be 'almost inconceivable' that anyone off-site could receive a large enough dose to produce early symptoms of radiation sickness. But British emergency plans, unlike American studies, are not based on the worst conceivable accident. Instead, they consider only the worst accident that it has been judged economically feasible to plan against.

Government advice to health authorities thus focusses on the possible consequences of such a minor accident, called a 'reference accident'. Details of the likely effects of a reference accident were drawn up three years ago by the Health and Safety Executive. The official description of this accident starts with the unconvincing comment that 'the most likely outcome of any accident at a nuclear plant is that no one would be hurt at all.' But if anything *did* happen outside the site, the consequences might include:

- A radioactive plume; 'some traces of the (radioactive) material might be found at large distances from the site';
- People in the vicinity '(should) shelter, or take potassium iodate tablets, or possibly temporarily evacuate their homes to limit exposure';
- Large numbers of people at long distances mights be exposed to 'very small doses' of radiation. 'There is a statistical possibility of a few additional deaths from cancer in the whole of the exposed population over the course of the following 20-30 years.'

This analysis stands in contrast to the official US study completed in 1982, by the Sandia National Laboratory, which increased the foreseeable consequences of the 'worst conceivable' reactor accident to some 100,000 deaths and the loss of $300 billion worth of property. The DHSS admits that the British 'reference accident' is not the worst possible accident, but more damaging accidents are ruled out as 'even more improbable events' against which the high cost of 'further design safety measures or more extensive emergency plans' is 'unlikely to be justified'.

The new leaflet to GPs cites the experience of the Three Mile Island accident in the United States to warn doctors that after an accident, people living locally who had not been exposed to 'any significant dose of radiation' nevertheless developed 'psychosomatic manifestations, including vomiting. Vomiting in members of the public several hours after an accident is not therefore a sign of dangerous radiation exposure'.

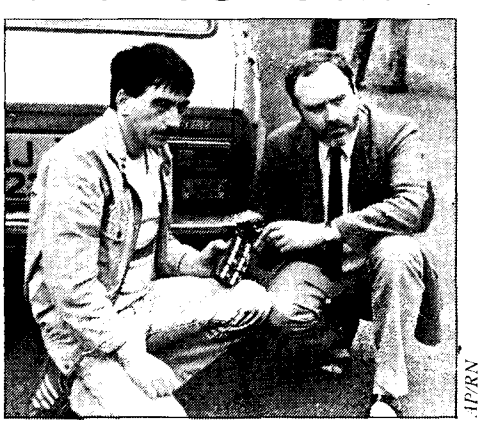
Once a nuclear accident has been confirmed, the nuclear reactor manager has to declare a site emergency, and contact the police. As soon as possible, the nuclear operator responsible for the accident should set up an Operational Support Centre between 10km and 30km from the scene. The Department of Energy will open a Nuclear Emergency Briefing Room at their headquarters in London. In Scotland, a similar emergency centre would go into operation.

The most likely nuclear reactor to affect London is Bradwell power station, in Essex. The North East Thames Regional Health Authority has prepared contingency plans for an accident, while the CEGB has already equipped its accident Operational Support Centre (OSC). This is earmarked to work from an adult education centre in Maldon, Essex and is 'fully equipped with communications and facilities for use in an emergency'.

While health authorities are told to ensure that NHS arrangements for a nuclear accident are part of their major accident plans, separate arrangements for dealing with nuclear weapons accidents are not revealed to them.

✸

NEW BUG FOUND



AP/RN

So much for the special detector

A NEW DESIGN of bug for tracking cars has

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been found in Northern Ireland. It was discovered last month, clamped beneath the car of a prominent member of Sinn Fein, Sean O'Hagan, of Lisnahull near Dungannon.

The nature and use of government tracking bugs was first reported in the *New Statesman* on 20 June. We reported that two bugs, planted by the Metropolitan Police, had been found by London men concealed below their cars. The bug just discovered in Dungannon is of a different type, and is more advanced than those used in London.

Both bugs have a broadly similar design, using black-coated die-cast boxes, which clamp to the underside of a car using powerful built-in magnets. The Northern Ireland design uses two boxes, one containing extra batteries for longer life. In both designs, a special detector would warn the secret trackers if the bug was removed from the car.

O'Hagan, however, successfully removed the bug and passed it to Sinn Fein electronics experts without being detected. Soon after, however, he was repeatedly stopped by Army and RUC patrols, and his car carefully searched. Finally he was arrested by an RUC sergeant, who accused him of removing the device they had planted on his car.

✸

BUT BUG DETECTOR WON'T WORK

'TELEPHONE TAP DETECTORS', advertised for sale in the *Observer* colour magazine two weeks ago are incapable of detecting taps.

A company called Security Consultants, of Nuneaton, displayed a 'TA 1000 Telephone Tap Detector Executive Model' in a half page advertisement. It claims that a 'warning light (is) set to go on when a tap is put onto the line or someone picks up an extension'. It then claims that the TA 1000 'will detect any line tapping from the telephone exchange to the actual telephone'. Built into a clock, it costs £130 — '£243 cheaper than its nearest rival'.

But the claims made for the TA 1000 are completely untrue. It is impossible to detect most taps, and the TA 1000 will not detect official taps placed at the telephone exchange, or even a tape recorder connected directly to the line. Similar devices are offered for sale by other manufacturers, principally London's notorious 'Counter-Spy Shop', in Mayfair. These tap detectors do not work either.

The device is manufactured by a second Birmingham company, Abraxis Design. Abraxis's manager, Mr T N Jinks, admitted this week that the device would not detect a tap at the exchange, but claimed that detecting all other taps was 'within the realms of possibility'. Challenged that it was in fact impossible to detect almost all taps, Jinks claimed that 'I have no need to substantiate any of these claims. If you had technical knowledge of surveillance you would understand'.

We could not contact Mr Mahon, who owns both firms as, according to British Telecom, the number advertised for him was a 'spare line' not allocated to a subscriber. □

Neighbourhood set to drive out pirates

Peter M. Lewis

IN A WRITTEN answer just before the summer recess, Leon Brittan announced the long-awaited details of the government plans for community radio. They went unnoticed by the media which have since had other matters to concern them. Community radio, however, is an issue that we need to unravel, and it has more connections with broadcasting's dependence on the State than first appears.

In the USA community radio has an honourable 35-year-old record. Supported by listeners who share in programme-making and policy, community stations pioneered on-air discussions of civil rights, the Vietnam war and feminist issues. Canada's provision for remote rural communities goes back to the early 1960s, and in cities radical stations like Vancouver Co-op Radio are accepted as part of overall regional balance. In Australia over 50 stations provide a flourishing and diverse alternative to a State/commercial duopoly not unlike ours. A recent GLC report on Australian public (community) radio notes that it has not damaged mainstream broadcasting.

In Europe, the route to a separate sector providing for small and specialised audiences had been spearheaded by piracy. Though originally highly political — and therefore often severely repressed — the radical forms of 'free radio' have tended to be diluted or ousted by American-style music programming, financed ultimately by the multinational music and electronics industries.

The lessons to be drawn from this are that community radio is *both* an explicit condemnation of mainstream broadcasting and an exploitation of new technology (low cost studios and transmitters) which allows unsatisfied groups to do-it-themselves. This new form of local public service needs some regulation and support if there is not to be a commercial radio jungle, legal or illegal.

And so to Britain. In 21 locations from the Shetlands to Penzance and including five in London, the Home Office is inviting applications for two-year experimental licences to transmit on low power either to neighbourhoods (5km radius) or over larger areas (10km) to communities of interest. Finance will be the responsibility of the stations themselves through advertising, grants and subscriptions. Programme content need not be balanced, but stations may not be primarily religious or political. Independent TV and local radio can own up to 49 per cent of such community stations. Applications must be submitted by 30 September.

To make sense of these proposals we have to recognise that the arrival of community radio in Britain is already hedged in by restrictions. On the other hand, a government bent on deregulation and believing in small-business enterprise has been embarrassed by piracy into a limited experiment that aims to exclude the pirates and calm the fears of commercial radio. Playing safe, Leon Brittan is keeping control within the Home Office.

On the other hand, the proposals are the culmination of a long campaign that has recently gathered Left support, notably from the GLC. One of its planks is a critique of the duopoly's record in local radio. Despite its rhetoric the BBC has never cared for its local empire; station budgets have been cut, service areas expanded. The IBA, admonished by Annan and a dying Labour government, made a token gesture to innovation in Cardiff where a non-profit Community Trust held half the shares in the winning consortium. Thereafter, the most dutiful of quangos, it rejected all similar bids and raced ahead with conventional ILR expansion till the bubble burst. Now take-overs, relaxation of rules on sponsorship, the axing of drama and features and the sacking of entire newsrooms have been approved as measures to bail out a troubled commercial sector.

Local radio is still, as Annan found it, a mess. So the other plank of the community radio movement is the development of alternatives in structure and programming. New programmes have for some years been produced by workshops and projects up and down the country and under the new proposals all these can be transmitted by stations which will not be neutered by the requirements of 'balance'.

On structure, the Community Radio Association (CRA) has been quietly tutoring Whitehall and can take some credit for having got this far. But it is arguing for an extended deadline for applications, more licences and higher power for 'community of interest', rather than geographic community stations: the 10km radius would not in London, for example, allow ethnic broadcasters to reach more than a minority of a minority. Above all, the CRA wants groups applying for licences to adopt the CRA Code of Practice, a staunchly anti-sexist, anti-racist document.

Two new measures would improve the chances of lively community radio: a Channel Four-type agreement that wins union recognition of stations which meet certain staffing conditions; and a Community Broadcasting Trust which could raise and redistribute funding while employing more credibility than a Home Secretary who uses censorship like CS gas.

Otherwise the Radio Jackies, with glossy applications dressed in the language of 'community', will have the field to themselves, the Adam Smith Institute will be cheering on the sidelines, and it will be deregulation with a vengeance. □

Peter M. Lewis is a Lecturer in Communications at Goldsmiths' College.

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DIARY

Edinburgh

The historic hour of the BBC has arrived. Given its role as a 'national institution' this is a crunch point for British political culture, not just its broadcasting. The Edinburgh Festival has responded by becoming a kind of Parliament. Given the unrepresentative nature of the House of Commons, the TV part of the festival seemed momentarily to provide a real assembly for the nations of Britain. The screening of the banned *Real Lives* programme, 'At the Edge of the Union', was followed by a discussion the like of which I have never attended. It was as if the fourth estate was meeting — as an estate in the full republican sense. The next day, in the *Observer*, David Leigh revealed that most of those who spoke so eloquently of freedom and independence from the regime had been licensed to do so by the State security service.

○

Millions will not watch 'At the Edge of the Union' thanks to the ban. The film is balanced to a fault. What could have led the Governors to proscribe it, apart from this being Mrs Thatcher's wish? Some blame Rees-Mogg, a hooligan supporter of lost causes (monetarism, Richard Nixon) who vandalizes his own home ground (*The Times*, The Arts Council, the BBC). A more sophisticated variant is that McGuinness presented the unacceptable face of Catholicism to an Anglo-Catholic whose religion makes him more royal than the crown. But Rees-Mogg led the pack only because the other Governors followed. They did so because of what the film showed. Two dedicated family men committed to a struggle to the death with each other. One says that peace will only come when Britain leaves the North and this necessitates armed struggle. The other says that if the British leave, it will be Doomsday — his word — and the 2,500 deaths of the last 16 years will be as a picnic. What is objectionable is not the terrorism but the rootedness of a civil war. The legacy of the ruling generation represented by the Governors will be failure, their successors will inherit brimstone.

○

Ulster is going to run and run. In her authoritative account, *Ireland and the Propaganda War*, published last year by Pluto Press, Liz Curtis lists 48 interventions against TV coverage of N. Ireland since 1959. They fill a large book. So this is not just an incident, although it has its circumstantial aspects. As I listened to the debate I reflected on the civilized discussion that had taken place in the morning at the Book Festival, just up the road in Charlotte Square. Julian Barnes had tried to persuade a sceptical audience that Timothy Mo was wrong in thinking that the end of Empire had anything to do with the crop of outstanding novelists currently writing in Britain. It 'just happened' that he was Julian Barnes and not Shakespeare, for example. This light-hearted approach to great work accompanied a more acute observation. Today authors can write and publish virtually what they want. The printed book is not censored. Perhaps this was a measure of its minor status. At any rate, television certainly matters and whatever your view of Shakespeare the civil war in Ulster didn't just happen. What's more, its present continuation, when a majority here on the mainland want British troops out, is demonstrably part of the end of Empire.

○

What makes the present issue exceptional is the way the government has openly directed the BBC, instead of the usual earwigging in the corridors. This has radically intensified the crisis over the status of the BBC. Melvin Bragg put a motion that the TV Festival call on the Governors to let the film be shown immediately. It was passed unanimously. The theatre was crowded with successful politicians of the small screen, and BBC personnel from all levels except the Governors. Yet they would brook no delay, they knew they were right. It was almost a tribal response, as if a religious principle of their lives had been violated. One felt the polarization of Ulster moving in; these men of the centre had been made extremists. Verbal extremists. The immediate question is whether the BBC's board of management will successfully insist on transmission. It meets again on 5 September. What if the Governors say 'no'? Will the management, instead of threatening to resign, simply order transmission regardless? One very senior BBC official told me this would be 'anarchy', no less. But just below him in the hierarchy another assured me that this is what the staff desire — not anarchy but showing the film, which can now be done whatever the governors say, unless they bring in the Army. 'Will the managers so insist?' I asked him. He replied, 'God give them balls'.

○

Yet this same senior BBC executive dismissed the MI5 story as a further attack upon the Corporation. He did not hide his own acquiesience in the vetting. This is 'real life', he said, without conscious irony. The source of this baffling hypocrisy is a sense of duty to the nation seen as above party. True the consensus had two party sides, Tory and Labour, or our side and our side. Both were, and this is the key, on the inside. Hence secret vetting. For MI5, just like the civil service, is supposedly as non-partisan as the BBC itself. Today the Corporation's 'independence' is on the line financially with the Peacock investigation (see Michael Leapman's report on p12), and politically with the need to transmit 'At the Edge of the Union'. But structurally, its place in the old order is most threatened by the MI5 revelation. Now, if its once perceived independence is to be resurrected, this connection must be severed. Yet without it, the BBC will not be granted its semi-official status as a privileged representative of the British nation. All of which prevents me from reporting on the trivial pleasures of the Festival. Except for the funniest fringe event I've seen so far: Sue Ingleton's devastating show as a pregnant man. By strange coincidence there is no better image for the pains and prospects of the BBC.

Islander

ROGER WODDIS

The Hodgkiss File

BBC boards, when interviewing candidates, are expressly forbidden to ask them openly about their political views

About your private hobbies, Hodgkiss —
Play cricket, do you? No? I see.
Just stick a mark on your personal file.
That? It's only a Christmas tree.

Ever eat out? Have a Chinese dinner?
You say you're partial to sweet-and-sour?
Still can't believe the Test means nothing —
Surely you've heard of Botham and Gower?

You're keen on chess? How fascinating.
I'm into draughts. No, it's not the same.
But chess now — is it your honest opinion
The Russians are pretty good at the game?

Gilbert and Sullivan? You don't say,
  Hodgkiss.
Some of their send-ups are pretty strong.
Personal taste, of course, but frankly
There's nothing to beat *The Desert Song*.

Are you now or have you ever
Been a supporter of this and that?
Glad to hear you're for law and order,
And hope you enjoyed our little chat.

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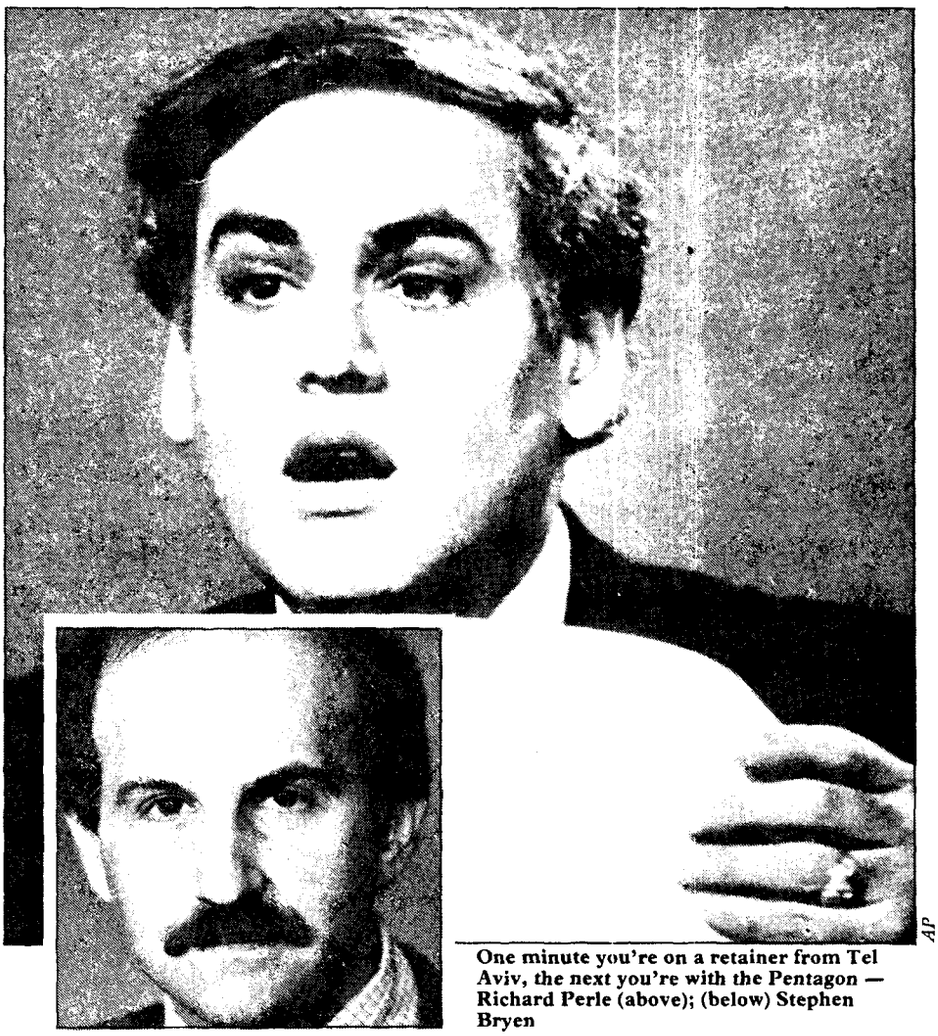
FBI MOVES AGAINST ARMS FOR IRAN

The US is in hot pursuit of those who sell arms to Iran — unless they touch the Israeli connection.
CLAUDIA WRIGHT reports



AP

One minute you're on a retainer from Tel Aviv, the next you're with the Pentagon — Richard Perle (above); (below) Stephen Bryen

Washington

ONE OF THE characteristics of the macho style in American politics has always been a paranoid fear of being penetrated in the rear. This usually surfaces during the nuttier episodes of right-wing government and in recent months the American press has been filled with revelations of Soviet penetration of the counter-intelligence division of the FBI. To date, the evidence presented in these cases has so far done more good for the government's demonology than harm to US security. But the emphasis on exposure of Soviet penetration contrasts with the almost complete official cover-up of a pattern of Israeli penetration that FBI and US Customs agents have been working to uncover for several years.

The objective of Israeli 'penetration' has been to acquire US weapons and arms technology for the legal and illegal benefit of the Israeli arms industry. On the legal side, the Israelis have tried to exploit their US influence to get the Pentagon to buy back modified US weapons. On the illegal side, they have recruited the assistance of US officials to evade the US embargo and provide American arms and spare parts to Iran, the side which Israel is backing to win the war with Iraq. Israel's friends in Washington also advocate a policy of US support for Iran and opposition to Iraq in their five-year-old war.

The fall of the Shah in 1978 ended the period of easy and lucrative arms dealings for Americans in Iran. At the same time the Israelis had regarded the Shah as a potential source of investment funds for the burgeoning Israeli arms industry to build nuclear and other weapons Washington would not supply to either country.

According to classified Iranian documents that were later passed to the CIA, Israel proposed to the Iranian Ministry of War that the Shah finance a project, code-named FLOWER, to modify a missile the Israelis had acquired from the US into a nuclear weapon for medium-range naval, air and battlefield use. The American missile was the 'Harpoon', and details of the Israeli scheme were revealed in minutes of meetings which Iranian military officers had in 1977 and 1978 with the Israeli Minister of Defence at the time, Ezer Weizmann, foreign minister Moshe Dayan, and the Commander of the Israeli Navy. As the Iranians and Israelis knew, the modification of the 'Harpoon' required US approval and was illegal under US law.

When the Islamic revolution toppled the Shah and led to the formal expulsion of Israel's diplomatic office in Tehran, the Israeli arms merchants turned to the US to obtain investment for their projects and government contracts to buy their arms. Their lobbying involved at least one Reagan Administration appointee at the Pentagon, Assistant Secretary of Defense Richard Perle, in a potential conflict of interest.

As the *New Statesman* and US newspapers have disclosed before (NS, 22 April 1983), in 1980 and 1981 Perle was paid at least $140,000 by companies owned by the Zabludowicz family of Tel Aviv, a major builder of artillery and mortars, to advise on US arms markets. Not long after, Perle joined the Pentagon, and wrote an internal memorandum urging the US army to defer a decision on buying a British-made mortar in order to test a competing weapon produced by a Zabludowicz company. Perle was publicly accused of conflict of interest in the affair, but no official action was taken.

Perle's deputy at the Pentagon, Stephen Bryen, was in 1978-79 under investigation by the FBI for espionage on Israel's behalf. High-ranking Justice Department officials overruled investigators' recommendations that he be indicted and the investigation was closed (NS, 6 May, 1983). The documents in the Bryen case have been the target of a lengthy court case in Washington; the Justice Department is currently appealing against a federal judge's order to release them.

Since Bryen's appointment to the Defense Department, Pentagon officials say he has been directly and indirectly involved in discussions with the Israelis over Pentagon procurement contracts, US investments and high-technology transfer to Israel. There is no evidence linking Perle or Bryen to the illegal trade in weapons with Iran. However, the two have been identified by Pentagon and other US officials as waging a fierce bureaucratic campaign on Iran's behalf to prevent the signing of a US-IRAQ trade agreement, and to block US exports of computers, light helicopters and aerial photographic equipment to Baghdad. The trade pact was halted earlier this year, but since then non-military exports to Iraq have been licensed.

HAD IT NOT been for the Iraq-Iran war, the Iranians might not have re-opened the old channels with the Israeli arms industry. But despite the US government prohibition on the re-sale of US-made equipment to Tehran — and

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notwithstanding the Khomeini regime's anti-Israel rhetoric — government officials and arms merchants in Israel have found it profitable to oblige. While US Customs have publicly attacked Britain's role in re-exporting arms to Iran, there has been a remarkable silence, until now, about the Israeli connection.

But on 31 July an alleged US arms smuggler connected simultaneously to the Israel arms industry, the Israel lobby in Washington, the Pentagon, and the Iranian government, was arrested. Some officials connected with the case believe it is the tip of an iceberg of Israeli-directed arms smuggling in the US.

Paul C. Cutter (also known by his original Yugoslav name, Sjeklocha), the man arrested by the FBI a few days ago, is described in the court documents as an academic who speaks Russian and specializes in Soviet military affairs. He is accused of conspiring to illegally obtain and export US TOW missiles for Iran also. Accused with him in cities around the country were six others, including a US army lieutenant colonel, and an alleged Iranian arms procurement official. They were caught by an FBI undercover agent whom Cutter and the others thought was a source for stolen missiles. The US prosecutor presented the government's case against Cutter at a grand jury this week, and indictments for trial were issued.

Cutter's role in allegedly organizing the smuggling scheme has been virtually ignored in the national press. The *NS* has obtained evidence that Cutter has been closely associated with the Israeli arms industry and with a Washington group promoting Israeli arms that was founded by Stephen Bryen and directed, since he joined the Pentagon, by his second wife, Shoshana Bryen. This group, called the Jewish Institute of National Security Affairs (JINSA), arranged for Cutter to join a tour of Israel and occupied Lebanon in October 1982 paid for by the Israel Defence Forces. It was after his return that, according to the FBI, he began dealing in arms with Iran. He told their undercover agent last April, they claim, that he had been dealing with Iran 'for the last two years and has sold (the Iranians) enough arms to net between $6 and $8 million in profit'.

Ms Bryen has told the San Jose *Mercury News* that he was added to the JINSA tour to Israel 'at the request of the Israeli embassy in Washington.' She also told the paper that she removed Cutter from the JINSA board around September last year because she suspected he was trading on his JINSA connection. There is no evidence that JINSA knew anything of his allegedly illegal trading.

JINSA is widely regarded in Washington as a front for the Israeli Embassy and the Israel arms industry. It operates to help obtain technology, patents and export licenses of US weapons for Israeli use, and encourages the Pentagon to buy back Israeli modifications of these weapons. JINSA declares that its purpose is 'explaining the link between US national security and Israel's security, and assessing what we can and must do to strengthen both.'

US officials involved in the latest case say they are certain an attempt will be made to drop the charges against Cutter. His lawyers are claiming he was framed by the FBI undercover agent and then threatened with violence if he tried to pull out of the arms negotiation. US prosecutors reject these allegations. FBI agents who have been after members of what they consider the Israeli arms network in the US say they are watching to see if the way may open to prosecution of others they believe to have used their Israeli and Pentagon connections to trade illegally in US arms. □

PHILIPPINESS

REBELS CLOSE IN ON MARCOS

Washington is in jitters over the 'Nice People Around.' TOM FAWTHROP reports

Manila

AS THE THREATENED regime of President Marcos grows more brutal in its attempts to quell the tide of sympathy for rebel guerrillas sweeping the Philippines, Washington is in a state of alarm over the crisis.

During recent months a flurry of top-ranking Washington officials has visited the archipelago, (including head of the CIA, William Casey) underlining the importance the US attaches to hanging onto its client state, and in particular to its two massive military bases.

The NPA (New People's Army), based around peasant farmers and with established mountain guerrilla bases on the four major islands, has now made a spectacular leap from the jungles into the cities. The Philippine military concede that small guerrilla units are already operating inside Manila, the capital. In May, one partisan unit in Manila was ambushed by 300 soldiers, police and paramilitary. The troops fired on the suspect house for four hours, but the NPA slipped through the massive cordon with the assistance of the local people.

A plethora of similar incidents has boosted the romantic image of the NPA guerrilla, and increased public support, whilst confirming the ordinary Filipino's contemptuous view of the Marcos military, best-known for their indiscipline, brutal attacks on unarmed civilians in the rural areas, and a dramatically increasing number of disappearances. Several priests and pastors have been 'liquidated' by military agents for so-called subversive activities.

In the Central Philippines, Father Rudy Romano — a priest well-known for his solidarity with the squatters, trade unions and the militant opposition movement — was abducted by a military intelligence group in Cebu city on 11 July. Five weeks later, despite the expression of Vatican concern, an investigation, and the positive identification of one intelligence agent involved in the abduction, the activist priest remains missing. The most famous NPA guerrilla leader is also a priest, from the tribespeople of the Cordillera. Father Conrado Balweg has a massive reward on his head.

Washington looks on with anguished frustration as military atrocities akin to those in Central and Latin America help rather than hinder the revolutionary movement. For the last 20 years, Washington has backed up President Marcos as the sure protector of American interests in the Pacific, especially the two largest military bases in the world located on foreign soil: Clark air base and Subic naval base, regarded as vital to US forward deployment strategy.

Up until the Aquino assassination in 1983 the Marcos regime, despite a grisly human rights record, possessed the two all-important foreign policy requirements for the White House; it was stable and unswervingly pro-American. However, national indignation at Aquino's killing, which was felt across class boundaries, has resulted in a ground swell against Marcos, making him decidedly unstable.

The moderate politicians representing the elite families, together with the reform-minded businessmen and US government agencies, all fear that far from saving the country from communism, Marcos's intransigence has pushed tens of thousands of hitherto politically inactive people into supporting the guerrillas. Even though martial law was technically lifted in 1981, Marcos continues to enact most legislation by virtue of presidential decree, executive orders and even proclamation.

In respect of the economic crisis Marcos has already failed, given the massive outflow of dollars abroad and widespread, grinding poverty. The international rescue mission just performed by the IMF and 300 or more foreign creditor banks has permitted a lengthy moratorium on the repayment of foreign debt in a desperate attempt to save the Marcos regime from bankruptcy.

THE CIA AND US policy-makers are made increasingly jumpy by American correspondents commenting on the striking parallels between Marcos and South Vietnam's President Diem in 1963. Nor can they ignore the success of the NPA, the armed wing of the Communist Party of the Philippines (CCP), which operates in 80 per cent of all provinces with about six major jungle sanctuaries scattered across the four major islands, Luzon, Mindanao, Samar and Negros. They are part of a coalition, the New Democratic Front, which although banned is said to have about 100,000 members, and enjoy particular support in the cities.

The 20,000 strong NPA has achieved a remarkable reputation as the honest, disciplined protectors of the people. One US report on insurgency complains of this 'Robin Hood' image that has earned the NPA the nickname 'Nice People Around'. From ambushes on military trucks, to teach-ins on plantations, warnings to landowners who don't pay wages on time, introduction of new crops in guerrilla zones . . . the influence of the NPA is all-pervasive and takes many forms. In urban squatter areas in Davao City, residents told me that since the NPA arrived in town typical social problems of drug addiction, abuse of women, petty crime, and alcoholism had almost been wiped out.

The Communist Party says it is not supported by any foreign power, hence its policy of self-reliance — arms and funds have to be seized from the enemy. The NPA has made a nationalistic virtue out of guerrilla necessity. Geographical problems make centralised party

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leadership practically impossible. Hence the Filipino 'Marxist' forces have already taken on a decentralised organisation which provides political autonomy to the regions. They also place importance on their policy of cultural respect for automonous rights of ethnic minorities.

AFTER A YEAR-LONG review of American policy options towards the Philippines a joint document of the Pentagon and the State Department, known as the National Security Study Directive, was leaked to the press in March. It stated that 'while Marcos is part of the problem he is also necessarily part of the solution' therefore 'the US does not want to remove Marcos from power or to destabilise his government.'

However with bitter memories of Vietnam and the SE Asian debacle still fresh in the public mind, mass intervention by US troops has been ruled out. Instead, the strategy is to pressurise Marcos into a series of reforms, to stop the rot and demoralisation in the armed forces and create a more capable counter-insurgency campaign.

Washington's top priority is to weed out the corrupt generals in Manila and replace them with dedicated anti-communist younger officers. The problem is that the elite corps of wealthy generals eating steak in Manila are part of President Marcos's loyal hard-core, and his all-important power base. However, other groups anxious for change have also emerged, including a reformist faction of young officers. Some are pushing the American line in an effort to clean up the military.

The recent revelation of the hidden wealth of the Marcos family — mansions on Fifth Avenue, in San Francisco, Honolulu, London and Switzerland — may have been assisted by some discreet passing on of information by US officials designed to embarrass Marcos and force him to hold a snap election.

William Casey, CIA chief, suggested during his visit that an emergency Presidential election could help ease the sense of crisis, rebuild confidence in the system and reduce the attraction of revolution. Part of the US electoral strategy is to encourage the moderate opposition in order to 'defuse the explosive situation' in a fashion similar to elections in Salvador. Yet there is no chance of Marcos permitting an honest contest in which he might possibly lose.

Richard Armitage, Assistant Secretary of Defense, has told Congress 'without basic changes the communist forces could attain a strategic stalemate in three to five years' — meaning that the NPA could not be beaten on the battlefield. The US has since sent several elite counter-insurgency commando units to US bases here. A special operations squadron is also now deployed at Clark airbase. At the same time army commander General Ramas has been training a new coup and counter-coup task force.

However, Washington is caught in its own double-bind. Having backed Marcos for so long precisely because he provided an authoritarian right-wing regime amenable to the US, it now needs him to be flexible enough to bring in reforms to ease the growing tension. As he seems unlikely to do so, a full-scale civil war is in the offing. □

FRANCE

MITTERRAND DUCKS THE SHIP BOMB FLAK

The President is fighting hard to survive the political storm over Greenpeace reports PHILIPPE SORBIER

Paris

'RALLY ROUND THE TRICOLOUR!' is the sentiment that Francois Mitterrand has been forced to appeal to in his latest move to save his Presidency and quell the political row set off by the sinking, at the hands of French intellegence agents, of the *Rainbow Warrior.*

On Monday the Elysée gave great play to a 'Presidential directive'. Acting as head of the armed forces, Mitterrand ordered the Pacific military command to repel and arrest any 'unauthorised presence' in French Polynesia territorial waters. 'Nuclear testing in the Pacific shall continue as long as the French authorities, and they alone, deem them necessary for national defence.' At least France will have given an early warning to the Greenpeace protest flotilla planning to congregate off Mururoa in six weeks time.

In Auckland harbour, a few minutes before midnight on 10 July, there was no warning. Two explosions, 60 seconds apart, ripped open the hull of the *Rainbow Warrior*, the flag ship of the international environmental organisation, killing a member of the crew, photographer Fernando Pereira.

The New Zealand police set 40 detectives on the case, and got quick results: three days later, a Swiss couple, Alain and Sophie Turenge, were arrested. Since then, the Auckland police have leaked most of their case against the Turenges. The couple was seen to meet three of the crew members of the yacht *Ouvea* two hours before the sinking of the *Rainbow Warrior*, on a rocky beach two miles from the harbour. The men from the *Ouvea* arrived in a grey and black Zodiac inflatable boat. They unloaded gear and carried it to the Turenges' camper car, jettisoned the outboard motor, abandoned the Zodiac, and drove away. Alain and Sophie Turenge have been overheard by the prison guards saying 'how lucky the *Ouvea* people were to have escaped.'

The couple, identified by sources within French intelligence, are officers of the DGSE, France's General Directorate for External Security. He is a major, based at the top secret frogman school of Aspretto, in Corsica. He bears a scar from collar bone to naval, two inches wide, that was judged by a prison doctor as 'not the result of an operation'. She is a captain. Her real name is Dominique Prieur, she is said to have a child. In detention, Alain Turenge is reported to wear a cocky grin and never to answer a question.

DGSE sources say the Turenges were only in Auckland as a 'back up and assistance' team for the real saboteurs: three non-commissioned officers of the DGSE, all members of the French navy's elite underwater commando unit. Their 'cover' was the 38-foot *Ouvea*, rented in New Caledonia. The New Zealand detectives say they have proof that the officers from the *Ouvea* not only had several meetings with the Turenge couple, but also were the occupants of the Zodiac dinghy. Raymond Velche, Eric Augrenc, and Jean-Michel Berthelo were questioned by New Zealand policemen in Norfolk island, half-way between New Zealand and New Caledonia, a week after the bombing. They were released for lack of an international arrest warrant, necessary since Norfolk is Australian territory. They then sailed off in the *Ouvea* and disappeared without

AP

Alain and Sophie Turenge: arrested in New Zealand while the real saboteurs sailed away

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leaving any trace.

The three New Zealand detectives are currently in Paris, following up leads with the 'full co-operation' of the French police. Their enquiries, one is told, are not getting very far.

FRANCE'S NUCLEAR test programme is widely supported by national public opinion. Most people believe that France has the right to own and test nuclear weapons, and that organisations such as Greenpeace, which attempt to disrupt the testing, are to be treated as enemies. One explanation for the operation against the *Rainbow Warrior* is put forward by Greenpeace itself: Mururoa atoll, it is claimed, has been severely and visibly damaged by the latest 150 kiloton blasts, with considerable radiation leaks. The *Rainbow Warrior* thus had to be stopped before discovering the damage and broadcasting the news all over the world.

Despite the revelations that have flowed from the French press, neither government nor opposition has had much to say. The government has asked the highly respected Bernard Tricot to investigate. His report is due later this week. Until then, says the Elysée, the President will not act.

The right-wing opposition has maintained on the whole a prudent silence. Neither Jacques Chirac, head of the Gaullist RPR, nor former President Valery Giscard d'Estaing, nor ex-Prime Minister Raymond Barre has had any comment. Their henchmen talk nobly of not harming further France's reputation abroad, and confide, more realistically, that they expect to regain power in the March parliamentary elections, and thus have no wish to appear to be the dismantlers of the intelligence services.

But all of France knows that Charles Hernu, the Defence Minister, is the most probable victim of the Greenpeace scandal. His ministry bears the overall responsibility for the DGSE, and he has been named by the Press as the man who ordered the operation against the *Rainbow Warrior*. Hernu is said to have reacted violently to reports at the beginning of the year that Greenpeace was planning to pick up the Polynesian inhabitants of atolls near Mururoa, and stage a mass landing attempt on the nuclear test site. To nip this in the bud, the DGSE worked out a plan, and got caught.

Most analysts in Paris believe that an operation of such magnitude had to be approved by the Elysée. To stave off such speculation is now François Mitterrand's single goal. He believes that the Presidency, the highest office in France, must be preserved. Informed sources predict that Hernu, the faithful friend of Mitterrand since the old days in opposition, will have to resign, thus playing the role of the indispensable 'fuse'.

He most probably will accept responsibility, but will not admit knowledge of the operational details, and so will not admit guilt. The DGSE, already weakened by purges after the Socialist Party came to power in 1981, should be on line to receive a thorough house-cleaning.

Alexandre de Marenches, the director of the External Security Services under de Gaulle, Pompidou and Giscard d'Estaing, gave French intelligence a sense of purpose and professional pride after the upheavals of the Algerian war years. The SDECE, as it was then called, enjoyed the respect of its British and American counterparts.

On assuming power in May 1981, however, the socialist government replaced Marenches by Pierre Marion, a personal friend of Hernu. Marion gave the organisation a new name — DGSE — and purged nearly half of the staff in an effort to root out right-wing sympathisers. Morale plummeted, the weekly reports sent to Mitterrand lost any real substance, and dissatisfaction rose. Admiral Lacoste, therefore, was named director in November 1982, and has since been struggling to win the DGSE back to its former prestige. It would seem, from the Auckland fiasco, that he did not succeed. □

Philippe Sorbier is a French journalist.

CHARTER 77

DEATH-LIKE TORPOR GRIPS CZECH LIFE

ON THE 17th anniversary of the Warsaw Pact invasion of Czechoslovakia, Charter 77 has issued a statement urging the government to tackle pressing problems of reform, writes JAN KAVAN.

The Chartists point to policies in some neighbouring countries in which they detect reformist ideas similar to those in Czechoslovakia in the 1960s. It seems that their hope is that, encouraged by these reforms and the faintly green light in Moscow, reformers within the Czech establishment will come out of hiding.

The tone of the document — which stresses that they are not seeking retribution for past injustices, but rather solutions to present ones — indicates that Chartists may be willing to co-operate with these reformist elements. Below, we print extracts from the document.

20 August, Prague

'Since 1968, 21 August has been a traumatic anniversary in Czechoslovakia. In the two years after the intervention, the entire social structure was thrown into disorder and all the preconditions for any creative development were destroyed. Hundreds of thousands of those capable of steering that course were dismissed from every possible position of responsibility: from those occupying leading posts to factory foremen and skilled manual workers. The majority of artists, writers and journalists were prevented from working. Hundreds of Czech, Slovak and foreign literary works were excluded from bookshops and libraries. Numerous films and back issues of newspapers disappeared into the vaults. The essential reforms of the economy and the political system were halted and our society was thrust back into the climate of the early fifties when any discussion was impossible. Most of the decision-making posts in the power infrastructure were now taken over by people whose main — and often sole — qualification was an unbounded capacity for conformity and kowtowing to the regime...

Once again the inviolability of officials is the rule, and bureaucratic excesses extend even to preventing the populations of certain ecologically threatened zones from moving about freely, changing their jobs and moving away. Persecution of children for the past and present attitudes of their parents is an absolute reality once more...

The consequence of all this is stagnation and growing backwardness not only in technology and the economy, but in all other areas of social life. Culture and morals are on the decline, including working morale. There is burgeoning corruption and virtually open theft of public property at all levels, and an absence of any concern for damage to the environment. The regime's sole source of social support is the fact that it has brought about a situation in which the mass of the people seeks refuge in its own private consumer world wherein citizens obtain, through their own devices — and often illegally — those material goods which an incompetent administration is incapable of providing...

It is because of the regime's fears that the slightest change might also mean a change of personnel that any possible avenue of renewal is blocked... The very expression 'reform' is taboo, even though the policies of the '60s had started, with public support, to solve — often successfully — those very problems which face us once more, though in a situation made all the more complex because of 20 years' neglect . . .

We cannot ignore how avidly our people have been following recent events in the Soviet Union. In particular, they have been reading Mikhail Gorbachev's speeches and comparing them with the deathlike torpor here in Czechoslovakia. Sharp-eyed observers have already noticed that Soviet speeches are being censored in our press...

We should like to express the hope that the present social developments in the Soviet Union may assume wider significance and be shared by the democratic public. We consider that the distressing problems of Europe can only be solved, as the Prague Appeal has asserted, by means of long-term patient efforts to overcome the barriers of the blocs...

The presence of Soviet troops in Czechoslovakia has by now become a tactical component in the deployment of military forces and part of the calculations of each of the blocs. The withdrawal of these troops is feasible only within the framework of a process of ending the bloc division of Europe. We therefore pose the question whether the withdrawal of these troops, or at least a reduction in their numbers, might not be an exemplary unilateral step towards military disengagement...

We are not asking for retribution for the injustices and enormous harm caused by past violence. What we do demand is realisation of Czechoslovak society's present and future needs. Nobody will escape their responsibilities in this connection, and people will not be assessed for the things they said and did in the past, but for what they say and do now.'

Jiri Dienstbier, Petruska Sustrova, Eva Kanturkova

Charter 77 Spokesperson Rudolf Battek is still in prison.

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LETTERS

Grousers poleaxed

Ivan Monckton, Presteigne, Powys

I would like to take Charles Nodder, defender of the British Field 'sports' society (Letters 9 August) to task over his ridiculous statement concerning alternative uses for sporting-estates: 'With forestry the employment provided is minimal except during planting and felling'.

As a Forestry Commission worker and a member of AAWTG I would like to point out that *before* estates could be afforested they would have to be fenced against deer, ploughed, possibly fertilised. Planting, replanting and weeding would be required for anything up to six years. Between 10 and 15 years later, roads, culverts, ditches would be built, fences repaired, trees marked for thinning and thinned. The trees would require marking and thinning every five years or so until they reached maturity at about 50 when they would be clear-felled and the whole process started again.

In short, with staggered planning to estates, there would be jobs for many, many more workers than sporting-estates can ever provide.

There is the other point, of course, that this country imports over 90 per cent of its timber, something we all need and use. Most of us would not touch shot grouse, or grouse shooters with a sitka spruce pole!

A sterling lesson

Cyril Appleton, Canterbury

Hugh Stephenson argued (*NS* 9 August) that there is no direct connection between institutional foreign investment and British job loss; that the pounds received in return for the foreign currency required stayed in this country; that the only effect of foreign investment was a weakening of the sterling exchange rate.

This contention would be valid perhaps if the holders of the foreign currency sold only because institutions were buying. But the new holders of sterling need pounds for their own trading needs; they would have acquired sterling anyway, if not from our institutions from some other source. If the institutions had invested in the UK therefore, there would have been twice as much sterling feeding the British economy.

Special pleading, Mr Scruton?

J. Smith-Campbell, c/o AA Club, London

Let Roger Scruton (Letters 9 August) imagine a white family moving into the area of Mr Honeyford's school. Then the children of that family, attending that school, will need — says Mr Scruton — to be introduced to the principles, expectations and store of knowledge of the society which surrounds them: and that society will be, in the majority, black or Asian.

Surrounding that local society will be the British scene (which Mr Scruton thinks he recognises). And outside *that* will be the European 'society which surrounds' — and about that the world society, which is in the majority not white, nor Anglo-Saxon, nor Protestant-Christian.

So let us agree with Mr Scruton that children *should* be introduced to the principles, expectations and store of knowledge (traditions) of the society which surrounds them. And don't forget to introduce Welsh traditions to schools in Avon, and Scottish traditions to schools in Carlisle. And let us not use the words 'society' and 'surrounds', to cloak any special pleading.

TSB dangerous precedent

David Rollo, Kirkintilloch, Glasgow

By using Parliament to legitimise the giving away of the Trustee Savings Bank Scotland (worth between £600 million and £700 million) to a limited company, without compensation to the depositors who are the real owners, the government has provided a dangerous precedent for any future Labour government of the Left. In the absence of a Bill of Rights, any future government will thus be entitled to nationalise, without compensation to the shareholders, any company including those formed recently by privatisation.

The European Court of Human Rights, at which the UK makes regular appearances, may provide a remedy for both shareholders and depositors but the time lag may be three years. It would be to the benefit of all concerned if the government had second thoughts and examined the morality and consequences of its recent actions.

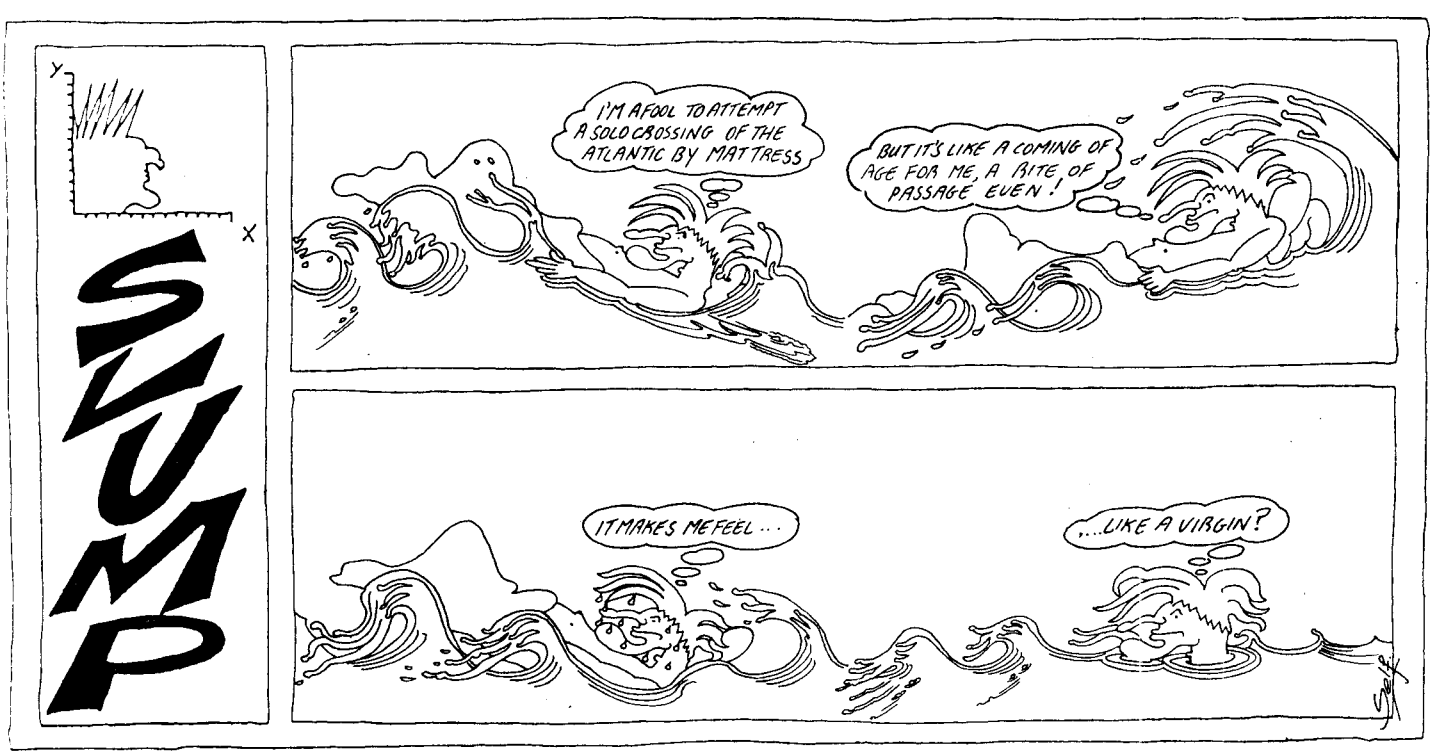
Salaried service for dentists

John F. L. Wood BDS, Altrincham, Cheshire

The inequities of dentists' earnings and the incentives to over-prescribe are the result of our fee-for-item payments system. The only way to extricate British dentistry from the mess it is in is for a future Left government to introduce a salaried service and phase out both fees and patients' charges. The financial interest that both the dentist and patient have in dental treatment is the root cause of all the problems Joan Smith (*NS* 16 August) describes.

1985 Catherine Pakenham Award

The search is now on for the 1985 winner of the Catherine Pakenham Memorial Award for young women journalists, sponsored by the *London Standard*. Top prize is £500, and five runners-up will each receive a £25 book token. Entry forms should be applied for immediately by sending an SAE to: Managing Editor, The London Standard, 118 Fleet Street, London EC4P 4DD. Chair of the judges is Lady Rachel Billington, sister of Catherine Pakenham, who was the youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Longford.


Y
X
SUMP
I'M A FOOL TO ATTEMPT A SOLO CROSSING OF THE ATLANTIC BY MATTRESS
BUT IT'S LIKE A COMING OF AGE FOR ME, A RITE OF PASSAGE EVEN!
IT MAKES ME FEEL...
....LIKE A VIRGIN?

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Confessions of a rock critic

Bleddyn Butcher

All that glitters *is* glitter? Lead singer in 'Diamanda Galas'

Once upon a time SIMON FRITH thought there was something called sex which rock music either expressed or controlled. Now, with gender-benders setting the pace, and fans creating the market, he's changed his mind

THERE WAS, it seems, a moment last summer (my source is a baffled Australian tourist) when the only pop stars left in Madame Tussaud's were David Bowie and Boy George (Michael Jackson was added later). 'Gender bending' had got its final accolade; Britain's peculiar contribution to Western pop music was preserved, appropriately, in wax.

The Australians weren't the only people baffled. For more than a decade now American youth magazines like *Creem* have been filled with anxious readers' defences of rock 'n' roll masculinity, and as a travelling rock critic last year I was repeatedly asked to explain Culture Club. I couldn't usually give much of an answer, just reply that the sexiest performer I'd seen was, in fact, a boy in Depeche Mode, a dyed blonde in mini-skirt and skimpy top. His shoulder straps kept slipping, leaving me, a 'heterosexual' man, breathlessly hoping throughout the show to get a glimpse of his breasts.

1984 was, in general, a playful pop year. It began with Annie Lennox's appearance on the US Grammy Awards Show, not with her usual close-cropped unisex look but in full drag, as a convincing Elvis Presley. It ended with the British record biz awards. Holly Johnson opened the envelope for Prince: 'Oh yes, I've had telephone sex with him!' A huge bodyguard rose up (I thought he was going to thump Holly) and cleared a path for the little master, who walked daintily behind. Prince sings about incest, oral sex, pornography, obsessional lust and masturbation.

Otherwise it was Frankie Goes to Hollywood's year. They made records about sexuality: Welcome to the Pleasure Dome! Their triumph was 'Relax', a huge-selling single that was banned by the BBC for 'sexual offensiveness', but the importance of the Frankie story wasn't its outrage but its cosiness. Their very success made them part of the Radio 1 pop family — by the end of the year, Mike Read, the deejay who'd initiated the ban on 'Relax', was the voice-over on Frankie's TV commercials. They had become family entertainment. What did it mean?

IN 1978 Angela McRobbie and I wrote an

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article on 'Rock and Sexuality' for *Screen Education*. It was not a very profound piece but it was, surprisingly, a 'pioneering' attempt to treat rock's sexual messages analytically. It was reprinted in an Open University reader and is, to our embarrassment, still regularly cited. To our embarrassment because the piece was a jumble of good and bad arguments. We confused issues of sex and issues of gender; we never decided whether sexuality was a social fact or a social discourse.

Our aim was to counter the common assumption that rock 'n' roll somehow liberated sexual expression; we wanted to pick open terms like 'raunchy', to challenge rock naturalism. Rock, we suggested, works with conventions of masculinity and femininity that situate both performers and audiences along clear gender lines — males as active participants, females as passive consumers. Musically, the distinction is marked by the contrast between 'cock rock' and 'teenybop'.

In terms of who controls and consumes music, our points still seem valid. For all the current celebrations of the post-punk post-modernist condition, teenage courtship rituals have changed remarkably little since the 1950s and pop still plays much the same part in the organisation of adolescent gender roles. We described a pattern of power in the music industry, men in charge, that hasn't altered since (for recent documentation see Sue Steward's and Sheryl Garratt's admirable *Signed, Sealed and Delivered*). Punk did have an effect on images of sex and romance but it did little to improve women's career opportunities in or out of show-biz. The most important female stars — Madonna, Cyndi Lauper, Tina Turner, Sade — are still important because of their complex (and contradictory) relationships to femininity. Male and female sexuality alike are still referred to male desires; if homosexual, bisexual and asexual men can now use their confusions (and zest) as a source of pop success, lesbianism remains a secret.

And this is where the problems of our original piece start: our account of how music carries sexual meaning now seems awfully dated. We rejected rock naturalism but we retained the suggestion that sexuality has some sort of autonomous form which is expressed or controlled by cultural practice.

We were writing, ironically enough, just as the fashion in pop cultural analysis became do-it-yourself structuralism and critics were quick to point out our 'essentialist' view of sex. We were reminded that 'cultural production occurs always in relation to ideology and not to the "real world" '; we were instructed that rock is not about something other than itself — sexuality — but is a 'signifying practice' through which a particular 'discourse of sexuality' is constituted. The task of criticism, in short, is not to show how performers articulate a predefined ideology, but to trace the way sexuality is constructed by the performing conventions themselves, by the responses they compel listeners to make.

Take Frankie's 'Relax'. Everyone knew this was a 'sexy' record, sexy in a way most records aren't, but nobody could quite say why, as the BBC found, to its discomfort, when it tried to explain the 'Relax' ban. Sound as such isn't offensive — BBC bannings always refer to lyrics. But the key word in 'Relax' was the innocent 'come', and, in the end, the head of Radio 1 had to refer his decision to what the group said about the record in interviews, how they put pictures to it on the video. The record was offensive for what it *represented*.

The irony of this is that a 'deconstructive' reading of 'Relax' reveals a commonplace account of desire (which is why Frankie so quickly found their place in the British pop establishment). 'Relax' is a naughty record, a singalong party pooper from the tradition that brought us Gary Glitter's 'Do You Wanna Touch Me' and Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Tich's 'Bend It'. The original 'Relax' video (which, seen on *The Tube* by Trevor Horn, led to Frankie's ZTT contract) had a limited budget, crude camera angles, and a tacky SM imagery that was much more unsettling than ZTT's big budget, snickering lust.

THE ZTT 'RELAX' was a knowing record not just as a production number but also as a marketing exercise — Frankie were the first pop group to be sold by a huckster, Paul Morley, inspired by French critics Barthes and Foucault. And Morley was, in turn, the child of a particular pop age. In the 1960s, when value judgments about music rested on notions of authenticity, musicians were respected for their sexual honesty. Built into the original rock aesthetic was the idea that sexual feelings/preferences/desires/anxieties were either expressed (a good thing) or concealed (a bad thing). Sexuality was either spoken out — lustily, painfully — or made false by pop's treacly, romantic norms. The John Lennon story is the most complex example of this opposition of romance and reality: having rejected pop's romantic lies, Lennon could only authenticate his love of Yoko Ono by public accounts of their sex life. And it's instructive too to remember that the Rolling Stones, who now sound ridiculously camp, were once honoured for their truthfulness in revealing hidden, unrespectable desires.

Since David Bowie and early 1970s glam rock, the aesthetics of British popular music have changed. Pop stars became valuable for their plasticity and so their sexuality too became matters of artifice and play, self-invention and self-deceit. As rock entered its modernist, formalist stage, punk and disco became the key codes. The Bowie/Alice Cooper/Donna Summer/Malcolm McLaren/Blondie lessons in star-making were learnt by everyone. These days, indeed, heavy metal bands, cock rockers writ large, are the most elaborately made-up groups of all.

Put together glam/punk/disco dressing up with the history of British youth posing (and, as Jon Savage has pointed out, every style, from Teds to New Romantics, took inspiration from the gay underworld) and you get a sociological explanation for Boy George. The general implications for rock and sexuality are, though, less clear. Sociologists themselves seem still wedded to the misconception that boys' concern for fashion somehow 'feminises' them (and it's hard not to assume that skinheads are more 'masculine' than their more fancily dressed peers, even in this age of football terrace 'casuals'). Rock critics, equally, still draw an instinctive line between the 'natural' sexuality of rock tradition and the 'artificial' sexuality of the gender-benders. This has become obvious in 1985's New

Rex Features

Popular ikon Bruce Springsteen: a restatement of old rock'n' roll truths of sex and gender

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Authenticity movement (and the rise of Bruce Springsteen as a popular ikon). Part of the appeal of the new generation of guitar/pub/roots bands (and the musicians are almost all male) is their restatement of old rock'n'roll truths of sex and gender — rutting, romantic men, mysterious, deceptive women.

SUCH NOSTALGIA can't undo the changes the 1970s made. The best evidence I know for this is Fred and Judy Vermorel's remarkable new book, *Starlust* (Comet), 'the secret fantasies of fans.' These obsessive, devotional voices supply the missing strand in accounts of rock and sexuality, the consumer view.

The most misleading of our original arguments was the distinction we made between male activity and female passivity when, in fact, consumption is as important to the sexual significance of pop as production. Teenybop culture, for example, is as much made by the girls who buy the records and magazines as by the boys who play the music and pose for the pin-ups, and once we start asking how pop produces pleasure then notions of passivity/activity cease to make much sense. There's pleasure in being fucked as well as in fucking, and how these pleasures relate to gender is the question at issue. What's obvious in the Vermorels' book is that fan fantasies (however masochistic) are a form of vengeance — in dreams we control the stars who in our fandom seem to control us. What's equally apparent is that these private games with public faces are for many fans, male and female, a way of making sense of their own sexuality.

Pop stars' sexual games have changed the rock and sexuality questions. What is interesting now is not how the objects of desire are made and sold — as pin-ups, heroines, stars — but how sexual subjectivity works, how we use popular music and imagery to understand what it means to have desires, to be desirable. The most important effect of gender-bending was to focus the problem of sexuality onto males. In pop, the question became, unusually, what do men want? And as masculinity became a packaging problem, then so did masculine desire — whether this was resolved by Boy George's espousal of chastity, by the careful shot of Marilyn's hairy chest during his drag appearance on *Top of the Pops*, or by the record company instructions to the director of Bronski Beat's first video: he had to make a promo clip that would be, simultaneously, obviously gay in Britain, obviously straight in the USA... In its attempt to make normal such 'abnormal' men, the pop process simply drew attention to the fragility of sexuality itself.

Part of the fun of pop lies in this tension between reality and fakery, between experience and expression. *Smash Hits* became Britain's most successful music magazine precisely because of the delight it takes in the collision of pop star myth and mundaneness. Its editors know that pop's sexual come-on lies in the way stars tantalise us with the suggestion that we can get to know them as they *really* are (all those interviews). All fans dream of casual intimacy with their idols (I thus count Dylan, Jagger and John Lennon among my friends) and even the most torrid sexual fantasy rests on the assumption that to fuck a star is to get to know them most intimately — their sexuality and reality are equated (an equation we make in everyday life too).

In the Vermorels' book the key term is *possession*. Fans want to possess their idols just as they feel possessed by them. In material terms this comes out as manic consumer fetishism: every sight and sound of the star is collected, stored, inspected (and the replay button on the VCR adds a new dimension to what can be lovingly yours, again and again and again). In fantasy terms possession is, by its nature, erotic.

POP EFFECTS ARE usually explained in terms of identity — the key words in most pop songs are 'I' and 'You', and in 'Rock and Sexuality' we suggested that, for the most part, boys identify with the performing 'I', girls with the addressed 'you'. But once we start looking at pop genres in detail, the play of identity and address becomes rather more complicated. Whether in the teenybop education of desire, Sixth Form miserabilism (from Leonard Cohen to the Smiths), the Springsteenian community or torch singing, the best records (the ones that give most pleasure) are the ones that allow an ambiguity of response, letting us be both subject and object of the singers' needs (regardless of our or their gender).

And what's crucial to this, of course, is the grain of the voice, the articulation of sexuality, the body, through its timbre, texture and pulse. Great voices, the ones that make us fans, are distinctive sounds that seem to hold in perfect balance words, rhythm and personality. (One of the effects of video promotion has been a displacement of the pop voice — Simon LeBon simply isn't as evocative a singer as, say, Cliff Richard. On video, music can be mediated through the body directly; sexual representations are taken from established film codes like pornography and advertisement.)

Most pop songs are love songs but the critical problem is not, as I once thought, to contrast love as showbiz cliché (or romantic ideology) to real life, but to find out first what love is meant to mean. Obsession? Pain? Beautiful feelings? Power? Love songs give private desires a public language, which is why we can use them (and our uses are not necessarily gender divided).

The Vermorels show how much resentment there is in fans' feelings for their stars. They quote a Bowie fan: 'It was like someone haunting me all the time, a great big intrusion in my life'; a Police fan: 'It was very frightening because I didn't really want to like them you know...' Pop stars demand our attention and use their power (the weight of their public presence) to keep it. And the more their songs mean to us as private messages the more we can be unsettled by their public display. The voyeurism involved in pop concerts works both ways; it's not just the *stars'* emotions on show. The power struggle between stars and fans is what gives concerts their sexual charge.

IN *ADAM BEDE*, George Eliot writes of her teenage heroine, 'Hetty had never read a novel: how then could she find a shape for her expectations?' Nowadays our expectations are shaped by other media than novels, by film and television fictions, by pop stars and pop songs. Popular culture has always meant putting together 'a people' rather than simply reflecting or expressing them, and the popularity of popular singers depends on their emotional force, their ability to build a mass following out of intensely personal desires. There's a way of reading pop history, then, that is profoundly depressing. Who, except for a Barry Manilow fan, could be heartened by his effect on his followers? But what's involved here is not just the appropriation of people's fantasy lives by some very silly love songs (and some very hackneyed porn imagery). The *Starlust* fantasies also express a kind of sexual utopianism, a dream world in which care and passion, abandon and affection can coexist.

What amazes me about pop history is how little the fantasies it has put into play have impinged on everyday life, how few demands they've made of it. The '60s, for all their bad press now, remain important, therefore, as an expression of hedonistic greed — which is why Frankie Goes To Hollywood videos returned, in the end, to hippie imagery, why Paul Morley remains caught on the cusp of provincial bohemianism and metropolitan poise. For him, as for many of us, Patti Smith was the key to the link between modernism and post-modernism, punk and beat, sexual liberation and sexual play. As children now of Barthes and Bowie rather than Marx and Coca-Cola, we may understand the discourse of sexuality better than we did in the 1960s, but the co-ordination of theory and practice seems as difficult as ever. □

Simon Frith is rock critic for The Sunday Times.

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Stings like a bee

Stephen Brook

Alexander Pope: A Life
MAYNARD MACK *Yale* £15.95

Richard Willson

ALL POETS belong to their age, even if only in their struggle to resist or escape it. Of no one was this more true than Alexander Pope, whose urbane and coruscating poetry provides, among its other merits and pleasures, a remarkable commentary on cultural, political and social life in early Hanoverian England. One consequence of this topicality is that many of his poems require explanatory notes if their full implication is to be savoured.

There has been no shortage of critical commentaries, including the satirical mock-learned notes Pope himself appended to some of his poems. What has been lacking is a first-rate biography and this gap is now handsomely filled by this long-awaited book. What Mack has given us in this leisurely 1,000-page volume is the history of a career as much as an account of a life. Accordingly, with a good deal of attention paid to the works as well as to the man who wrote them, this biography doubles as a masterly work of literary and cultural history.

The early life of Alexander Pope, who was born in 1688, soon became crowded with disabilities. He was born a Roman Catholic at a time when agitation against Popery made life for Catholics constantly uncomfortable and occasionally dangerous. As a child he contracted tuberculosis of the bone, which left him with the physique of a 12-year-old: he was four-foot six and hunchbacked. The distortion of his frame led to a variety of other ailments as he grew older, and his glittering poetry emerged from a consciousness that was almost continuously acquainted with pain. He was also cursed with precocity: in his early twenties he wrote the immensely assured *Essay in Criticism* and embarked on his translation of the *Iliad*. Such gifts were not ignored by those who did not share them, and early in his career he encountered the hostility and envy of the hacks of the day.

What tame times we live in compared with the quarrelsomeness of early 18th-century England! Pope's detractors repeatedly mocked his deformity as well as what they considered the deficiencies of his poetry. Each fresh publication was the occasion for a deluge of anonymous pamphlets so scurrilous that, in comparison, *Private Eye* reads like the *Church Times*. Of course Pope gave as good as he got, and was not above a modest poisoning of one of his opponents. His greatest revenge, however, was literary; the gift that his enemies scorned was repeatedly turned against them, most notably in *The Dunciad*, a mock-epic celebrating, if that's the word, the ascendancy of Dullness. Surely literary scores can rarely have been settled so cleverly and comprehensively as in this great poem. If *The Dunciad* were no more than an act of vengeance, though, it would be of little interest to later readers. But, as Mack makes clear, beneath the pettiness of the personal attacks is a passionate concern for what Pope discerns as the growing despoliation of Britain's cultural heritage.

It's this highly intellectual passion that I find so engaging about Pope. Many of his poems explicitly investigate the major philosophical and cultural issues of the day: the relation between man and God, between Nature and Reason; the uses of wealth; the status of women; the nature of 'taste'. Heady issues, yet all argued with a wit and a precision and tautness of language that are rarely less than brilliant. Moreover, as the regime of Sir Robert Walpole grew increasingly despotic and corrupt, Pope courageously tackled political issues in his later work, deftly ensuring that his barbs had a general application as well as a specific one, so that he could disclaim any direct link between the fictionalised creations of his satires and their real-life subjects.

The surface charms of Pope's poetry are so abundant that it's entirely possible to read him with pleasure without detailed knowledge of the context in which he was writing. On the other hand, he was very much a public poet, and understanding of that cultural and political context unquestionably enriches our enjoyment of his work. This is where Mack succeeds splendidly. He introduces us to all of Pope's circle, which included the most remarkable figures of his age, such as Swift, Bolingbroke and Burlington. As well as friends he had enemies, and Mack leads us authoritatively through Grub Street, enabling the reader to make sense of the literary squabbling that continued throughout Pope's life and infected so much of his work. Pope's politics, not to mention his religion, were in conflict with the dominant Whig ideology, and again Mack superbly elucidates the issues that drove the intellectuals and politicians of the day into conflict and, on occasion, exile.

There are passages in which Mack slumps too deeply into the sofa of his prose. Leisurely discussions of contemporary paediatrics could have been dispensed with, as well as coy links between 18th-century politics and those of modern-day America, but by and large the deliberate pace of this long but beautifully written book is fully justified. Though Mack doesn't whitewash Pope, who was just as capable as his enemies of being devious and vindictive, he leaves the reader in no doubt as to his admiration for the poet's generosity of spirit, warmth of friendship and high-minded concern for cultural and political probity. Best of all, his book had the merit of sending this reader back to a poetry that has lost little of its sting over the centuries. Pope would not have been bereft of subject matter in Thatcher's Britain:

> Perhaps you think the Poor might have their part?
> Bond damns the Poor, and hates them from his heart:
> The grave Sir Gilbert holds it for a rule,
> That 'every man in want is knave or fool';
> 'God cannot love (says Blunt, with tearless eyes)
> The wretch he starves' — and piously denies. □

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Narrow gauge

Anne Smith

For the Record: The Making and Meaning of Feminist Knowledge
DALE SPENDER *The Women's Press*
£9.95 & £4.95

DALE SPENDER records here the expansion and development of feminist ideas, from Betty Friedan's to Mary Daly's, with all the other seminal thinkers in between. In themselves, as Spender so ably conveys, these ideas are exciting and utterly valid — in fact the most exciting and relevant philosophical, social, political and epistemological thought of this century is being produced by feminists. Yet women are still in a hole (see Anna Coote, *NS* 21 June: 'Every year of every decade is the Year of the Man'). The patriarchy persists. So Spender is right to wonder apprehensively whether the current movement will fade away like others have done before it.

Part of the explanation for her fears must lie in the fact that women of Spender's calibre feel the need to publish intellectual surveys such as this — part monument, part progress-report — instead of tackling the infinitely more urgent, difficult work of making the revolutionary ideas we already have available to the women who would most benefit from them. *I* may welcome *For the Record* with open arms, but I can't pass it on to my sisters, for they wouldn't get beyond the first page. Just as the Labour Party needs the guts to publish a newspaper, feminist publishing needs to find its brilliant populist.

'White, middle-class and young' was how the women's movement used to be described by the more subtle of its male detractors. By and large, my own soundings show, it still is white and middle-class. Although she allows, with admirable generosity and honesty, for a wide range of paradoxical experiences, stressing the value of subjectivity in the acquisition and transmission of knowledge and values among women, the ideas Spender discusses are almost entirely the result of middle-class women's experience *per se*, or of middle-class women's studies of selected groups of working-class women.

Of course, she and the other thinkers she discusses here are right to hammer home their point about how the alien, patriarchal dominance has coloured our lives like wine through water (or, perhaps, water through wine). But in many ways it is a simplification of the very sort she seeks to avoid. For example, I and most of the working-class children who went to school with me grew up in matriarchies within the larger patriarchy. Our fathers, as working men, were also if not equally subject to the patriarchy: the position of black Americans provides the most apposite analogy.

Within the matriarchy, we already practised several of the attitudes recommended here as revolutionary — working-class women still do. Men were regarded, if not as 'portable sperm banks' (for that was before the pill) then as bread-winners. Again, long before it occurred to Germaine Greer, mockery and mayhem were strategies that came naturally to the women around me: indeed, the whole spectrum of recommended responses, from seeing men as a necessary evil to seeing them as occasional comic relief, were vibrantly present. Working-class women, though, were still in a hole . . . .

Subjective experience, then, makes me wonder, when Spender discusses the necessity for the women's movement to come to terms with 'the experience and reality of women of colour', whether there is not an element of escapism or romanticisation in all the theorising. I am irresistibly reminded of an aunt who kept a church collection-box on her mantelpiece 'for the black babies' when she would walk a long way round to avoid the, to her, disgusting sight of the ragged-arsed urchins (all colours) of her own Dundee. Black women and women of the still submerged tenth have more — much more — in common with each other than does either group with white middle-class women. Still.

So I read these theories, and they excite me, they make so much *sense*. Underneath the excitement though is a sad sort of longing: I wish it were possible, the utopian dream of sisterhood; I wish it were true; I wish more was being done, not for my intellectual benefit, but for the benefit of the vast majority of women.

If it is not, and soon, then *For the Record* will be just that, a record to be unearthed in the next renaissance — pie in the sky, an intellectual thrill, part of the anyway historically inevitable process of divvying up the power and the spoils of power more equally between the sexes in the middle class. The women's liberation movement will have faded into (or from) history as surely as Bloomerism did. □

A partisan view

Basil Davidson

Tito's Flawed Legacy: Yugoslavia and the West 1939-84
NORA BELOFF *Gollancz* £12.95

SITTING BY the roadside after I had got away from Belgrade, in flames five miles behind me, during that fearful day of April 1941 when Hitler threw his Operation Punishment against the defiant Yugoslavs, I heard two soldiers talking as they trudged past in search of lost fighting units. Facing grim confusion, one of them was in despair. 'Come on,' cried the other, 'we can always walk to Salonica.' He was recalling the time 26 years earlier when battered Serbian forces had regrouped in Salonica, far to the south in Greece, and found there a British ally. British ties with the southern Slavs were forged even before the latters' conjoint independence.

These ties were strengthened during the Second World War by our fighting alliance, after 1942, with immeasurably the most powerful resistance to Nazi-Fascist subjugation anywhere in Hitler's *Festung Europa*, the partisans led by Tito. And none of many brisk disputes since then has much availed to undermine a friendship which has paralleled, in another time and context, the sympathy of 19th-century British radicals for anti-Bourbon Italy of the Risorgimento. This has not been to the taste of right-wing opinion here, still less to that of monarchist and other Yugoslav exiles in Britain, least of all to comparable exiles and the 'new Right' in the USA. These have told us that our wartime alliance with the partisans was deplorable, our judgments on Tito's Yugoslavia wickedly tolerant, therefore wrong.

Such myopic provincialism may be understandable but rests on the argument that British attitudes have been uncritical. This can be true only to the extent that British historians have yet to complete a serious archival critique of modern Yugoslavia; otherwise, con or pro, there has been an abundance of British writing about the southern Slavs. Yet Nora Beloff still feels able to argue 'Western guilt for the distress in which Yugoslavia now finds itself' — with high unemployment, economic muddle, political intolerance and regional squabbling worse even than in Britain — and to 'encourage a radically different Western approach'.

She appears not to know the country very well and its major language still less, but is evidently sure that a Western-type monarchist democracy was always possible in or after 1945, and that the route ahead should now be for the West to instal one, although she does not say how. With boycotts and 'contras', perhaps? Directing a minatory glare appropriate to someone sponsored by the Hoover Institute of California, she has some useful things to say in her later chapters, though none that is new. Unfortunately, her approach is vitiated by the nature of her preferred exile sources, and even more by her dotty 'revelations' of 'British guilt' for having, at a crucial juncture in the war, preferred a strong partisan ally to a monarchist dud.

While the latter part of Beloff's argument may be helpful to anyone who thinks that Tito's Yugoslavia is without blemish or that Tito was some kind of revolutionary saint — but who thinks either? — an earlier part is little more than a farrago of fantasy. The case she wishes to make — against all solid evidence — is that Churchill was 'hoodwinked' by a British Communist conspiracy into adding contact with the partisans to existing contact with the monarchist *chetniks*. This is an old demonology first invented, I believe, by Rebecca West in 1947, but pursued ever since by alumni of the Hoover Institute and others such; and Beloff adds nothing material. But she does add a little of her own invention.

The myth holds that the British decision to contact the partisans, considered by HMG in August 1942 but realised only in April 1943, was the work, as Beloff now tells us, of 'key people in Cairo' — the seat of Middle East Command — '[who] were ideologically and, at least in one case operationally, committed to the Communist cause'. Aside from the unquestionable fact that this decision was Churchill's own, and one that he followed closely then and after, the 'key people in Cairo' were just as certainly the C-in-C General Wilson, Lord Glenconner the head of SOE Middle East and, beneath them, a Brigadier Keble seconded to operational command of SOE under Glenconner but reporting directly

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to the C-in-C. Yet these key people 'committed to the Communist cause' were not, it appears, quite sufficiently so; to help them along was another who was 'operationally committed'. This was the late James Klugmann, a second lieutenant of the education corps seconded to the SOE and, as was always known, a prominent British Communist. That a second lieutenant could have exercised any operational influence whatsoever is almost as daft as supposing that the 'key people' were engaged in subversive conspiracy. But Beloff gives it all as gospel.

To this she adds an invention, evidently knowing it needed. She says that the present reviewer, then a newly promoted major in SOE Cairo, was another member of this valiant plot and proceeds to put words into my mouth, nowhere supported by anything that I have ever written, said or thought, to the effect that I have agreed to have been 'defending the Communist Utopia' instead of doing my military duty. This scurrilous little venture in libel leads on to a general scoffing at others who also laid their lives on the line during that gruesome period, notably Fitzroy Maclean and F.W. Deakin, as devious simpletons or worse. Her account of the partisan war, which she writes off as practically never having happened, is factually worthless and again, at times, downright silly. An opportunity for valuable polemic is thrown away. □

Means and ends

James Bentley

Marxism and Morality
STEVEN LUKES *Oxford* £12.50

ACCORDING TO the socialist philosopher K. Vorländer, 'The moment anyone started to talk to Marx about morality, he would roar with laughter.' In consequence, this perceptive book argues, Marxism itself was disabled:

> despite its many strengths, the theory of the founders was blind and deaf to, and silent about, certain ranges of moral questions — roughly, those concerning justice and rights, which set constraints on how people are to be treated in the here and now, and in the immediate future.

Steven Lukes demonstrates Karl Marx's own duplicity in the matter. For example, Marx inserted phrases about 'duty' and 'right' into the General Rules of the International Working Men's Association; but as he told Engels, he placed them 'in such a way that they can do no harm'. Both men maintained that (in Engels' words) 'all moral theories have been hitherto the product, in the last analysis, of the economic conditions of society obtaining at the time.' Morality was always *class* morality, either justifying the interests of the ruling class or representing the indignation of the oppressed. As such it could have no eternal, ultimate or immutable status.

Class morality is a by-product of conflict between human beings in our imperfect societies, whereas, Engels declared, a 'really human morality' stands above class antagonism and becomes possible only when these have been overcome. Unfortunately, Lukes contends, Marx and his followers consistently refused to subject their vision of that future state of harmony to any detailed scrutiny. The Marxist tradition presumes to foresee the future but never clarifies its ultimate aim — with the fatal consequence that any moral judgment between available alternative courses of action becomes virtually impossible.

As a result, Lukes believes, Marxism is morally blind in holding the interests of persons in the here and now to be irrelevant to the project of human emancipation. It 'has never come properly to grips with the means-ends issue, the problem of dirty hands'.

The chapter on 'Means and Ends' in *Marxism and Morality* displays Steven Lukes's masterly ability to expound and criticise the arguments of other theorists. His chosen authors are Rosa Luxemburg, Kautsky, Trotsky, Lukács, John Dewey, Victor Serge, Jean-Paul Sartre, Arthur Koestler and Maurice Merleau-Ponty. He rightly sees Luxemburg and Kautsky as the most acute and prophetic Marxist critics of Bolshevism. Yet, as he observes, neither really faced the issue of means and ends, since 'each assumed that the revolutionary transition, properly conducted, would solve the problem'. It becomes clear that Marxism has established pathetically few guidelines or limits to what may be done to human beings in the name of the revolution.

Earlier chapters address the paradox that, in spite of this rejection of morality, the writings of Marx and his followers abound in moral judgments, both implicit and explicit. The 'amoralism' of Lenin, as Trotsky insisted, did not hinder him from devoting his whole being to the cause of the oppressed. 'Does it not seem that "amoralism" in the given case is only a pseudonym for higher human morality?' Trotsky asked. Lukes suggests that the paradox is resolved by accepting that Marxists rejected the morality of the existing world order but accepted the morality of emancipation.

Lukes's analyses of political concepts (especially in chapter 4: 'Justice and Rights' and chapter 5: 'Freedom and emancipation') contain dense and occasionally dry arguments, but they never lapse into the irritating private language of some professional philosophers. And passion soon bursts through again. This academically scrupulous book treats of a subject that is far from merely academic. Questions of torture and inhumanity, as well as how we should and might live, persistently raise themselves. Steven Lukes presents his book not as an anti-Marxist tract, but 'as a contribution to socialist free-thinking — freed in particular from some of the illusions and blind spots of what has been the overwhelmingly dominant socialist tradition in this century'. He wants morality returned to Marxism.

Future editions need a few corrections. A surprising number of references have been misplaced (to Wayne Hudson on p.37; to Rosa Luxemburg on pp.103ff.; to Sartre on p.124; to Moore on p.139). The proof reader went to sleep between pages 87 and 89. And, in what Lukes confesses is a short book, it seems a pity to waste space by quoting five lines of Victor Serge twice. □

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Shorter reviews

When We Build Again, Let's Have Housing that Works!
COLIN WARD *Pluto* £3.50

Housing policy is short on utopias and long on disasters. Ward's restatement of much of his previous work, updated and made more urgent in view of the deepening housing crisis, is therefore welcome — and timely, given that the Labour party is at last beginning to shift away from the 'if it's housing, municipalise it' approach that has proved so unpopular.

But even proponents of the new Labour line will stop well short of many of the ideas in this book, such as Ward's encouragement of lump labour — what he calls the two men and a boy business — and his disdain of legislation on housing standards and planning.

His thesis is that poor people, left to their own devices, can house themselves. He tells some lovely stories like the one about a Mrs Elizabeth Grainger and her husband, caretakers in a block of LCC flats, who in the Thirties bought a plot of land in Laindon, Essex, for £5 and built a bungalow on it themselves; or about the people who have formed economically viable shanty towns around the white elephant that Brasilia has become.

The oppressors, capitalist and Communist alike, are those who prevent such self-help initiatives. Dweller-control should be the root of all public housing schemes, not an added extra tacked on in response to residents' complaints. The success of owner-occupation is precisely due to the power it gives people over their own housing.

The freshness of Ward's approach overcomes one's fears about practicalities and concern over details. But, apart from a few self-builders, notably in Lewisham, the examples are from the Third World or the past. Is their application in a modern capitalist state feasible? Ward argues that the community architecture and cooperative movements are steps in the right direction — but they are not wholly without problems.

For example, the very self-control that is the co-op's main advantage is also a potential source of danger. Racism and prejudice against the 'undeserving poor' — in this case the homeless — are deeply inculcated in Thatcherite Britain and I've yet to be convinced that co-ops will not reproduce some of these tendencies. Co-ops are undoubtedly a major part of the solution to the housing crisis. But they need policing and that's a question which has so far been dodged by their supporters.

Nevertheless, Ward's ideas deserve not only wider currency but also implementation. The problems can be sorted out later and what socialist can disagree with his central point: that more trust needs to be given to the people to find their own housing solutions?

Christian Wolmar

Republicans & Imperialists: Anglo-Irish Relations in the 1930s
DEIRDRE McMAHON *Yale* £21
Political Violence in Ireland: Government & Resistance since 1848
CHARLES TOWNSHEND *Oxford* £25 & £7.95

Sir Rupert Howorth, secretary to the British Cabinet's Irish Situation Committee in the 1930s, quaintly described its function as sorting out the 'minor constitutional problems raised by Mr de Valera'. Although Irish 'sovereignty' was at stake in the Committee's deliberations, Howorth's understatement may have been more to the point than Deirdre McMahon allows. Her detailed reconstruction — from primary sources — and deft analysis of the epic negotiations between Dublin and London, pressed on reluctant British governments by Fianna Fail from 1932 onwards, end on a wistful note, a clue perhaps to the ironic, rhetorical antagonism of the title.

Certainly the negotiations gave satisfaction to de Valera on three out of four counts. Facilitated by the favourable international and particularly Commonwealth conjunctures (the Balfour Declaration of 1926 and the 1930 Statute of Westminster, guaranteeing legislative equality with Westminster to the Dominions), climaxing in the 1938 agreements on defence, finance and trade, they also put an end to the mutually damaging 'economic war'. Nevertheless, as McMahon points out, the areas in which Britain yielded ground — the Oath, the Land Annuities and the Treaty Ports — conceded only the décor of sovereignty. Partition and economic dependence persisted as mocking reminders of its strict limits.

Charles Townshend's study of British efforts to govern Ireland 'in the last analysis... in answer to a British strategic imperative rather than any imagined duty to the people', and the resistance they generated, is the focus of a comprehensive and ambitious survey of 19th- and 20th-century Anglo-Irish relations. Additionally, Townshend offers a critical guide around the literature on the subject in a parallel text of footnotes which fortunately really are at the foot of the page.

Political violence is used here in a broad sense (excluding the state's) as the generic term for collective lawbreaking throughout Ireland in the period, whether by land seizures, boycotts, rent strikes, labour strikes, insurrection or guerrilla warfare. It is the lens through which Townshend analyses the social and political forces of resistance to British rule. Reversing the lens enables him to profile the scaffolding of British administration, from the nuts and bolts problems of the armed Irish police on the ground, to the dilemmas of urbane, liberal, English administrators armed with a battery of 'emergency' coercive laws. (It would be hard to better this as an account of why the British liberal conscience is today stilled before the plight of any number of Irish Dreyfuses in British prisons.) The problems in miniature in Northern Ireland (the 'Ulster vortex') are shown to be in a direct line of continuity with what Townshend in a less inspired phrase calls the 'dysfunctionality of British rule in Ireland'; its failure ever to secure an ethical or juridical legitimacy in the eyes of the Irish people.

Eamonn McArdle

Women Brave in the Face of Danger: Photographs and Writings by Latin and North American Women
MARGARET RANDALL *Airlift* £9.95

Margaret Randall warns in her introduction that the photographs and writings do not necessarily complement each other; it is, she suggests, our work to link them by considering them separately and together. The title insists on a theme: so, automatically, one prepares to link ideas of bravery, to identify the danger faced in each photograph, to connect women from Latin America with those from North America. Each large, black and white photograph is accompanied by a text on the page opposite it. The first photograph is of a new-born baby, gluey with recent arrival, the hands of Mother and Midwife meeting to hold its head. Straining to connect this to the book's title, one assumes this is about the bravery needed to have babies.

Much harder is trying to see how a friendly old North American couple, who smilingly face Margaret Randall's camera, belong in the book. The caption cosily tells us: 'Lorene has her Alec and Alec has his Lorene in Washington's Yokima Valley.' This does not help. It is equally hard to associate 'Bridget and Caitlin in Seattle' with bravery or danger. Bridget is tying a sash round little Caitlin's flowered frock; the accompanying text is from Idania Fernandez, the Nicaraguan revolutionary: 'a Mother feels the pain of all children, the pain of all peoples as if they had been born of her womb.' The words do not seem to reach Seattle.

The North American women face apple trees, suburbs, Californian tuck shops, Washington Square. The Latin American women more obviously live up to the book's title: young women soldiers, struggling peasants, bereft wives. There is a particularly striking portrait of Nila Mendiola, a Cua woman.

Like some of the people in the book, much of the writing seems to have got in by mistake. But there are some good things: a sarcastic poem about rape, a letter from a Californian woman in jail for shooting her husband and a strong poem called 'Black Mother Woman'. Many of the photographs, taken individually, are eloquent, some of the writings are worth reading but the book suffers from and therefore demonstrates lack of connection. It is the extract from Sharon Dontiago that comes closest to expressing its unintended message:

> I understand we come from a truth
> we each wholly and separately possess
> to a particular house and street in time
> to tell the story only our body knows
> and our tragedy will be
> we will not tell it well.

Kate Kellaway

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FICTION

Call of the wild

Richard Deveson

Sundog
JIM HARRISON *Heinemann* £8.95
Crows
CHARLES DICKINSON *Michael Joseph* £9.95
Unexplained Laughter
ALICE THOMAS ELLIS *Duckworth* £8.95
Resistance
MARY JONES *Blackstaff Press* £7.95 & £3.95

HERE, IN ONE WEEK, are two novels each of which is an exercise in a very American kind of hero-worship involving swimming at night in the icy waters of Wisconsin and the northern Michigan wilderness. In Jim Harrison's **Sundog** the narrator, a professional writer, travels beyond the Straits of Mackinac to the Upper Peninsula of Michigan to seek out a man who is not only eccentric and remarkable but is clearly needed by the self-disguised writer as a superman before whom to demean himself. The narrator has been challenged: 'You might try writing about someone who actually does something.'

Well, Strang, the man of action, has preached at tent meetings, has built huge dams in the jungles of Africa and Latin America, has left wives and mistresses and prostitutes scattered around the globe and dispenses casual macho erudition about machines, rivers, concrete, tropical diseases, fish, 'wholeness, harmony and radiance'. His beautiful Costa Rican 'daughter' slinks around his remote log house wearing a minuscule bikini, practising her dancing and arousing the lust and envy of the over-eating, voyeuristic, womanless 'I'.

Strang suffers from epileptic seizures; he has taken Amerindian ground-root potions; he has been crippled in a fall from a dam in Venezuela; he is the son of his sister and an illegitimate blood relation of the narrator (an alter ego with a vengeance). Despite these handicaps, he manages finally to give a castrating ex-wife the slip by disappearing into the frozen waters, either to continue his unconquerable freedom elsewhere or to come to rest on the bed of Lake Superior, reunited (by the good offices of some pantheistic frontier mysticism) with the Wholeness of which he has always been a part in any case.

Nature is nearly at the centre of this novel, which creates powerful impressions of swamps and creeks, timber and rain, mosquitoes and blackflies, pink fog and the northern lights. But the book's real core is the narrator's hero-worship of Strang, and this is never properly subjected to scrutiny. Why *is* there an American need for supermen who stalk the wilderness? Why does Harrison seem at pains to avoid asking the question?

In Charles Dickinson's **Crows** the symbolism is slightly rearranged. Here it is the protagonist, Robert Cigar, who is doing the nocturnal swimming, in Oblong Lake, Wisconsin, looking for the drowned body of the man he has hero-worshipped, Ben Ladysmith. Ben's son is the one who has been crippled; and, by the time Ben's body has been found, not only has the skin been chewed into cheese-tendrils by the fish but the feet have turned to clay. Ladysmith, more father-figure than alter ego, is that stock American fictional type, the erudite, quirky, athletic professor. But his strength is a sham, his whimsical stories shade into fibs and deceits and his relations with ladies are like a wordsmith's with words: he plays around with them.

Robert camps out in the late professor's chilly house, paying no rent while using Ben's daughter as a combination of sexual outlet and hot water bottle. His only apparent ambition, during this whole long-winded period of Wisconsin hibernation, is to find his 'father'. Once again, the landscape and weather are more appealing than the people. And Dickinson, like Harrison, leaves one with a knot of hero-worship and body-worship which he never properly unties. Both books seem more symptom than explanation.

Alice Thomas Ellis's new novel, **Unexplained Laughter**, is very brilliant and more than a bit baffling. The laughter in question emanates from the sides of a numinous Welsh valley (somewhere between Oswestry and the Berwyns), though not everyone can hear it. Dowdy, good-hearted, predictable Betty can't, but Lydia, who is perverse, snobbish, caustic, clever and, we are told, 'attractive' can. The reader is also privy to the inner world of Angharad, a mentally defective girl who roams the hills and is burdened with feelings of deadness and despair. The laughter, and Angharad, subject the self-filled Lydia to a kind of moral or even religious test. But what test? And what is the result?

The two women from London fall in with Angharad's family of dour, secretive North Walians; witty, anarchic conversations rattle along; characters come instantly to life. All this is done with enormous panache. But the problem is the 'attractive' Lydia. Leaving aside the thought that she tries too consciously to be a character (or is she perhaps too consciously a character in an Alice Thomas Ellis novel?), this reader couldn't help willing her, from the second page onwards, to slip up on her moral backside. On the other hand, the humour and drive of the novel spring from, and depend on, approval of her. Yet at the same time the book's point is surely that she is found wanting.

Alice Thomas Ellis's theology — God and Satan, virtue and sin — is only partially explicit here: Angharad and the laughter seem to represent a sense of divinity and life-and-death that is inaudible to Lydia in her wilfulness. But what *has* Lydia heard? If she has heard something, has she deserved to? If she hasn't (not deserving to), why are we meant to like her so much? If we are meant to like her (the devil, after all, having the best jokes), how much does the apparatus of sin and goodness then really count for?

Resistance, Mary Jones's first novel, also takes to the Welsh hills, which here induce paranoia rather than theophany. The dreads of a woman facing up to a cancer operation are conjoined somewhat uneasily with the plight of an ailing rural Wales. But this is an expressive picture of a private nightmare. □

FILMS

Hip joint

Francis Wheen

Perfect (15)
Odeon, Leicester Square
Hypothesis of the Stolen Painting
ICA
Rappin' (PG)
Classic, Oxford Street

THE ARTICLE THAT you're about to read contains one accidental error. If it's accidental, how can I be so sure? Simple. Last week I referred to *The Life and Times of Colonel Blimp* when I knew perfectly well that it's called *The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp*. The week before, in the Diary, I described nephritis as an inflammation of the liver even though I was aware that it's an inflammation of the kidneys. A gremlin seems to have lodged itself somewhere between brain and typing finger, so I'm apologising in advance for whatever mischief it decides to get up to this week. If I describe one of the films under review as a guinea fowl, you can assume that I mean it's a turkey.

Appropriately enough, inaccuracy in journalism is one of the subjects which **Perfect** purports to tackle. Aaron Latham, the *Rolling Stone* journalist who wrote the screenplay, has said that 'part of the film is about what's wrong with journalism. But the other half of the story is about what's right about journalism. It's about how the First Amendment should protect

Recommended viewing

A regular selection by our critic from films still doing the rounds

Birdy Eloquent images, inspired technique, skin-tight performances give brave lift-off to allegory-flecked adventures in blue-collar Philly of ornithological obsessive (Matthew Modine) and butch buddy (Nicolas Cage), later traumatised by Vietnam. Alan Parker's most sympathetic venture since *Bugsy*.

The Purple Rose of Cairo Woody Allen's brilliantly faceted, sad-funny fantasy, as relevant to our depressed Eighties as its Depression Thirties. Actor in idiot flick descends from New Jersey screen briefly to woo movie-mad, downtrodden housewife, making chaos and whoopee. (Mia Farrow, Jeff Daniels).

Witness Australian director Peter Weir in fine-tuned control of offbeat US thriller. Rugged but honest city policeman (Harrison Ford), grudgingly harboured from bent colleagues by time-warp Amish farmers, shares unconsummated love with Kelly McGillis's superb widow until the inevitable, estranging shoot-out.

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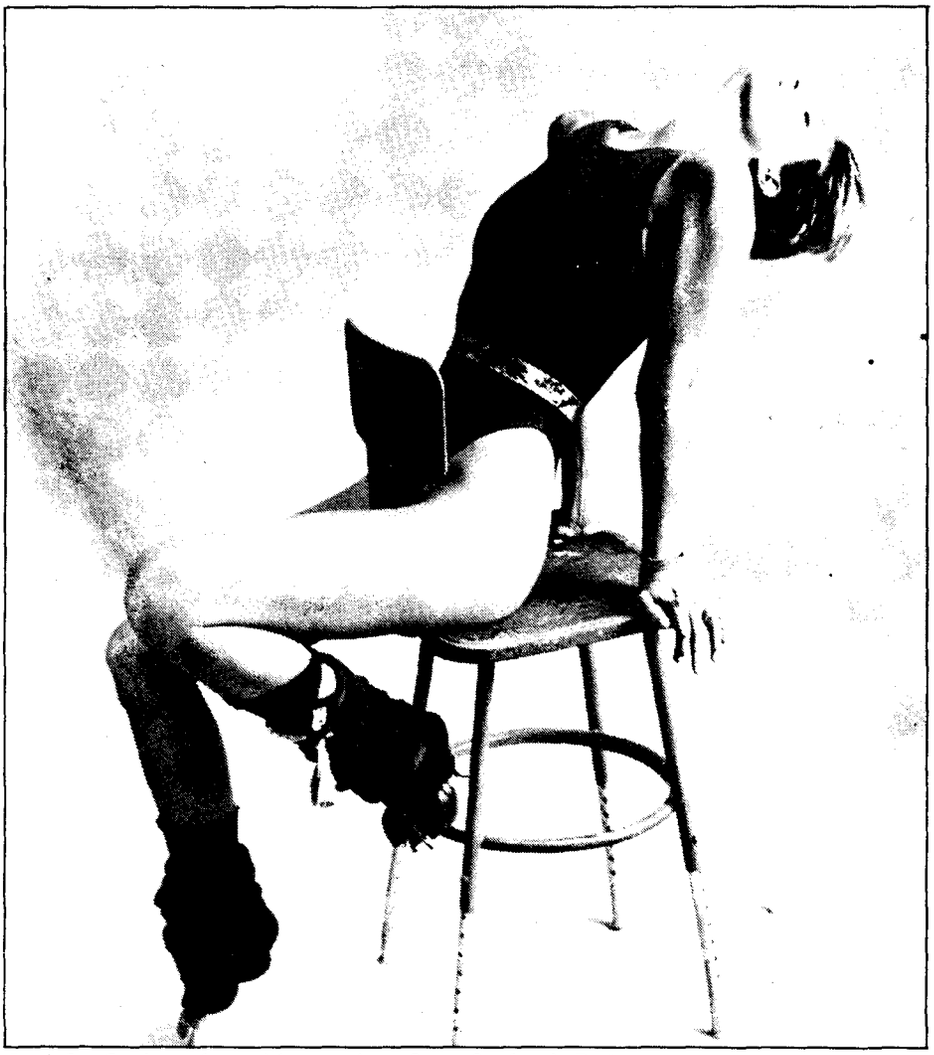

Jamie Lee Curtis ponders weighty questions of press freedom in *Perfect*.

all the media. I think that a free society and a free press go hand in hand'.

Weighty matters, if rather uncontroversial. At the start of the film I waited with some interest to see how these themes would be aired. Two hours later I was still waiting.

What we get is a badly edited, directionless, narcissistic guinea fowl which is basically an excuse for lots of close-ups of leotard-clad women gyrating their pelvises in aerobics classes. The classes are led by Jamie Lee Curtis, whose pelvis was, I trust, adequately insured before shooting commenced. There's no denying that she looks splendid in a leotard, but if this is the best argument that the filmmakers can produce for the First Amendment we might as well all curl up and die.

The male lead is John Travolta, who also has a rather delicious torso. ('Great legs,' Jamie Lee Curtis admiringly tells him after one of their pelvic work-outs.) The one person who lets the side down is the corpulent Jann Wenner, who in real life is the editor of *Rolling Stone* and makes his acting debut here in the part of (need you ask?) the editor of *Rolling Stone*.

This is where all the guff about 'journalism' comes in. Travolta plays a *Rolling Stone* reporter who has an exclusive interview with a businessman facing charges of coke-dealing who claims he's been framed. At the same time, Travolta decides to do a feature which will show that health clubs are the singles' bars of the Eighties; his target is an establishment in Los Angeles called the Sports Connection, where Jamie Lee Curtis and her pelvis hang out. 'What's wrong with wanting to be perfect?' she asks him angrily as she erases his story from the memory of his word-processor. Chastened, Travolta writes a more sympathetic piece, but *Rolling Stone* prints a hatchet-job anyway.

Meanwhile, Travolta disobeys a court order to hand over the tapes of his interview with the alleged coke-dealer and is put in the slammer. By the time he comes out, Jamie Lee Curtis has discovered that he wasn't responsible for the *Rolling Stone* feature. She waits at the prison gates to drive off into the sunset with him.

And that is that. If any serious points are made about journalistic ethics or freedom of the press, I must have blinked and missed them.

Raul Ruiz's **Hypothesis of the Stolen Painting** kicks off a season which the ICA bills as 'Amazing Stories'. The ICA's programme describes all the films in the season — including *Blow Out, Blow Up* and, inevitably, *The Draughtsman's Contract* — as 'mysteries which can be solved only by alerting yourself to the nuances of their sounds and images'.

The mystery in *Hypothesis* (as I shall henceforth call it) is buried in six paintings by a (fictional) French artist. When exhibited in the 19th century, we are told, these paintings provoked a society scandal. Why? Nobody now knows. There used to be a seventh painting, which may have explained everything, but that was stolen. Nevertheless, a man who is described simply as the Collector tells us that we may yet discover the secret by close scrutiny of the remaining six. To help us in our task, he has the paintings re-enacted as *tableaux vivants*.

The first painting shows Diana and Actaeon. The second shows two mediaeval knights playing chess. 'Does not this open up limitless possibilities of interpretation?' asks the Collector. Well, perhaps. We look at another couple of paintings which, the Collector assures us, contain 'innumerable thematic clues to the intrigue'. We have to take his word for it.

It then transpires that the solution to the mystery doesn't lie in the paintings at all, but in a 19th century *roman à clef* about an aristocratic scandal involving duels, homosexuality and much else besides. 'The enigma has been solved, certainly,' the Collector announces unconvincingly. 'But we are not satisfied.'

We certainly aren't. What was billed as a mystery turns out to be nothing but an elaborate bit of mumbo-jumbo. To make it seem more enigmatic, the Collector concludes by wondering whether the paintings signify 'a revival of the cult of Mithras'. Without further and better particulars about Mithraic rituals, it's hard to know whether he's right or not. It's even harder to care two hoots.

I may not know much about rapping, but I know enough to recognise that **Rappin'** bears about as much resemblance to the real thing as alcohol-free lager does to lager. □

EDINBURGH

Hugh and I

Angus Calder

'THIS BOLSHEVIK bog! Suits me doon to the grun'!' The weather was perfect for the unveiling of Jake Harvey's fine sculpture commemorating Hugh MacDiarmid on a hillside above his native Langholm. As rain fell in an apocalyptic downpour, scores of laughing admirers tottered about in the mud rejoicing that God's quarrel with the Promethean poet wasn't over. On the coach which brought some of us sodden back to Edinburgh, just as the Festival was beginning, a critic's test was beginning to form in my mind: of what, in all this greatest show on earth, might MacDiarmid have approved? Not that I'd always agree with him (who could?); but usually.

Well, Timothy Neat, who organised the unveiling, has made a very moving documentary film about Sorley Maclean, the great modern Gaelic poet. **Hallaig** has been showing at the College of Art (Fringe) and MacDiarmid would have applauded that. And how could he not have welcomed **Eric Bentley**? The friend and translator of Brecht is giving a daily Fringe cabaret. Nearly 70, he admits to having little voice, but he interprets his own translations of Brecht and Prévert with such authority and charm that audiences must feel privileged to meet him.

This year, the 'Auld Alliance' between Scotland and France provides a theme for concerts, plays and exhibitions in the 'official'

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programme. **French Connections**, an exhibition at the Royal Scottish Museum, displays, among numerous luxury knicknacks acquired by wealthy Scots, respectful letters to David Hume from Montesquieu, Diderot, Buffon and other luminaries of the Enlightenment. MacDiarmid, apostle of high intellectualism (as well as Communism and Nationalism) would surely have relished these trophies from a period when Scottish minds reordered Western thought.

But I don't think he'd have thought much of the first operatic attraction, Chabrier's **L'Etoile** (Official). This zany fantasy, set in a never-never Africa, was performed with utter charm by Opéra de Lyon under the baton of John Eliot Gardiner, in the newly redecorated King's Theatre. People enjoyed it so uninhibitedly that you'd have thought you were in Glasgow. I loved it, too, but couldn't see where it had the edge over, say, a topnotch production of *The Gondoliers*.

'Official' drama this year includes no fewer than four Scottish plays. Local people have responded by packing the theatres. Lyndsay's **Thrie Estaites** is back in the Assembly Hall — the same production as last year but now, I think, better spoken. The spectacle appeals to foreigners and locals alike and it could make sense to repeat it every year.

A Wee Touch of Class is adapted by Denise Coffey from *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*. It is hardly Molière's most profound play and this new version in Scots is unashamedly a vehicle for Rikki Fulton's supreme skills as a pantomime comic. It's been on at the Church Hill Theatre in Morningside, that legendary suburb where 'sex' is what the coalman brings his wares in. For some reason, the Edinburgh bourgeoisie loves to hear actors using the vernacular which it itself eschews in daily life, so long as nothing too serious is said. But there is no real vice in this amiable romp. I fear that I cannot say the same about **When I Was A Girl I Used to Scream and Shout**. This flimsy concoction has filled the Lyceum, I think because people heard that the London *Standard* had given Sharman Macdonald its 'most promising playwright' award. By contrast with the committed feminist assault of Liz Lochead (say), which makes men, including me, cross their legs, this treatment of adolescent sex provokes cheerful sniggers. I left at the interval lest my ever-more-audible groans might spoil others' fun.

Why the Official Festival bought it, I can't imagine. I'm told that the Traverse had the sense to turn it down. Despite that theatre's unnerving propensity to change performance times without visible notice, I am very impressed by the rich programme on offer there, including one truly outstanding first stage play by an Edinburgh-based writer, John Clifford. **Losing Venice** begins in a stylised 'Spain' at some indeterminate time between the Reconquest and the age of Goya. The poet Quevedo goes thence with his patron, a Duke, on a mission to save Venice from the Turks. Adventures include a hilarious fight with pirates at sea. Jenny Killick's production zestfully matches the writer's fecund imagination, and the young cast is uniformly splendid. I was particularly taken by Simon Donald, whose physically and vocally nimble performance as a Scots-speaking servant shows up by its freshness the routine caricatures of Lower Order types in *A Wee Touch of Class*. Clifford echoes Renaissance romance, Cervantes, Voltaire, but wears his learning as if it were gossamer. Fun turns to thoughtfulness as the horrors of war are denounced and the Duke is exposed as a sterile addict of power and violence. With its combination of comic exuberance, erudition and anti-authoritarian humanism, this play reminded me strongly of Alasdair Gray's fiction.

If one said that Gray has succeeded MacDiarmid as the prime centre of Scottish creativity, he himself would insist with horror that other Glasgow writers deserve more credit. All of the new 'Glasgow School' identifies with the common humanity which MacDiarmid professed to scorn. But each of its members is wholly distinctive in voice, none more so than James Kellman. His short play **The Busker** (Fringe) presents conversations in a Birmingham street where three hungry, poor Glaswegians meet. It would be nothing at all without Kellman's marvellous ear for dialogue, which Alan Tall and John Cobb deliver superbly. It's a pity that Katy Duke, though she performs well, doesn't live in her part as completely as they do. Even so, the production (by Ian Brown) is a cracker.

The underlying intelligence and compassion which make Clifford's and Kellman's plays so impressive are also found in Donald Campbell's very well written **Howard's Revenge** (Fringe), in which Finlay Welsh magnetically represents a Victorian actor-manager from Ireland rehearsing himself to play Rob Roy before an Edinburgh audience. They are missing, I'm afraid, in **Up and Under II** (Fringe), in which John Godber and Hull Truck take their commercially successful Rugby League epic, which delighted me last year, into a sequel which seems forced and opportunistic, exhaling a brainless kind of Yorkshire pastoralism. **Greater Tuna** (Official) is much better. Joe Sears and Jaston Williams between them project some 20 inhabitants, male and female, of the third-smallest town in Texas. Mediocrity, racism, sadism and prudery make us laugh, but one has to think about why one can bear to watch such people at all.

Best till last. MacDiarmid wished Scottish culture to live in a modern and international ambience. One afternoon at Queen's Hall, Yehudi Menuhin met the Whistlebinkies, a folk band, and six fiddlers expert in different styles. **Mr Menuhin's Delight** (Official) triumphed because it was so nearly a cockup. Audience and performers were united by a common fear of disaster. The Beeb, recording the event, had failed to provide technology to ensure that Menuhin's conversations about technique with other artists could be heard in all sections. The commère kept fluffing and some of the fiddlers looked frightened by the occasion. But they played gloriously. Ron Gonnella's suavely beautiful tone contrasted with Bob Hobkirk's bagpipe-influenced style and the great Aly Bain's fierce Norse-Shetland virtuosity. The occasion became historic when Edna Arthur played with supreme skill and intensity a magnificent pibroch dating back to 1526, transcribed for fiddle in the late 18th century.

Whistlebinkies' flautist, Eddie McGuire, is also Scotland's leading avant-garde composer (and left-wing with it). The final item was a new slow air and reel written by him for Sir Yehudi. All the performers assembled to participate. The great man, due to lead off, stepped nervously up to the rostrum, fluffed on the first note, said sorry, and plunged on at once like a small child performing in its first school concert. The piece was fine, the applause was tumultuous; Menuhin played much better in the encore. I felt I was hearing the feudal past being ferried across to the socialist future. Elated, I went out into another torrential downpour. God really doesn't like to see Scotland getting too big for its boots — or, rather, growing into bigger ones. □

ART

Tales of two fingers

John Spurling

Edward Burra
Hayward, until 29 September, then Southampton, Leeds, Norwich
Hockney Paints the Stage
Hayward

THE EARLIEST PAINTINGS in this splendid Burra retrospective — they were done when he was in his teens — look like illustrations to fairytales. The figures, though, tend to be contemporary and comic — pantomime fairytale — and the brightly-coloured landscapes behind them are crowded with contemporary details: trains, telegraph poles, steamships, a factory chimney, the back of a car disappearing round a corniche. Burra's early debt to book and magazine illustration was soon overlaid by the influence of more serious artists like Spencer and Roberts, Léger and Mirò and his art ('Fart', as he called it) expanded to describe and satirise the particular kind of urban life he relished: cafés, bars and street markets, sailors, whores, tourists, black Americans and ladies dressed to kill. He was post-Victorian, born in 1905, the same generation as Graham Greene, Francis Bacon, Lawrence Durrell and all those others whose joy it was to shock their fathers and mothers and give two fingers to the world of moral rectitude. In a word he was thoroughly naughty and remained so into old age, in spite or perhaps because of continuing to live at home in Rye ('Tinkerbell Town') with his parents for the rest of their lives and most of his, making forays at intervals to favourite naughty places like London, Paris, Marseilles, Toulon, Mexico and Harlem. His letters to his small band of close friends are amusing and sometimes witty in extract, but *en masse* in *Well, Dearie!*, edited by William Chappell (Gordon Fraser, £14.95) give a suffocating impression of perpetual adolescence. His paintings are a different matter.

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Fantasy, reality and off-duty sailors meet in Burra's *Izzy Orts* (c.1955)

The fairytale element receded in the Twenties, while Burra came to terms with the treatment of reality. His figures and objects at this stage are solidly and heavily drawn, with mostly blank expressions — and the animation and satirical tinge is in the way the scene is packed together and its elements picked out for inspection as it were with tongs. Suddenly, in 1929, the year of his first one-man exhibition, naughty fantasy re-enters and with it dancing rhythms and lighter colours. At a particularly stiff wedding the bride nervously holds her bouquet upside down against her dress so that it suggests an enormous phallus; in another painting the repressed and respectable customers in a tea shop are served by a bevy of striptease waitresses.

After this Burra experienced in rapid succession his first visits to Spain and New York and a semi-conversion to Surrealism. The paintings of Harlem are among the best he ever did: the fantasy subdued to reality, the reality edged with the most delicate and witty exaggerations of pose and scale. Neither Spain nor Surrealism were quite his thing, pushing him in the direction of symbol and nightmare and confronting him momentarily with the dreadful prospect of earnestness and significance. But there is a fine group of partly surrealistic paintings from 1931 — *Revolver Dream, Still Life with Pistol, Tomato Lady* and *Storm in The Jungle* — which work because of their elegant handling of overt and indeed rabid sexuality. They are Burra's more sophisticated, more personally engaged versions of the comic scene in *The Tea Shop*.

His response to the gathering political horrors of the late Thirties was a series of very large, rather theatrical fantasies featuring torturers, soldiers and even Beelzebub himself in heavy architectural settings — prisons or ruins. They are savage enough at first encounter and, like all Burra's work, composed and painted with a grandeur and authority which lift the medium of watercolour (virtually all his work was done in watercolour) far out of its usual limitations, but the straining for effect becomes a little tiresome as one gets to know them better and the partially pastiche style (homage to Goya and Mannerism) reflects Burra's uneasiness with anything approaching the epic.

After the Second World War, which — always an invalid — he spent in Rye, painting lumpish soldiers as unsympathetically as he had previously painted winsome sailors sympathetically, Burra rediscovered his best vein. The post-war world he shows us, whether in glowing nightspots such as *The Silver Dollar Bar* and *Izzy Orts* (sailors again) or in great sweeps of English landscape peopled by skull-like boulders or hellishly thundering pantechnicons with red-eyed demon drivers, is the fairytale made real, a blend of his fantasy and our reality so exact and convincing and carried out with such nerve and dash that it is hard to say which is uppermost: wit, horror, delight or melancholy. Even in those strange last paintings in which Burra himself appears surrounded by ghostly figures, though the mood is certainly melancholy, the execution is fresher and more exhilarating than anything else he did. Burra hated to discuss his Fart (though he didn't object to a few bouquets from critics), but there is an excellent catalogue which does discuss it in some detail. This show should leave no doubt in anyone's mind that Burra was one of our best.

Downstairs there is a large show of David Hockney's designs for opera and ballet. Everything to do with the stage has a way of curling up and dying as soon as the roar of the greasepaint recedes, so Hockney has reconstructed several of his sets as three-dimensional paintings with cut-out do-it-yourself-Cubist figures in front. The best is the night garden for Ravel's *L'Enfant et les Sortilèges* with its bracing red tree and blue foliage which you can walk about under, amidst spotted toadstool hummocks. Hockney's engaging fairyale flummery is rather overwhelmed by the enormous catalogue that explains its creation in inexorable detail, but that's the price of fame. □

TELEVISION

Andrew Rissik

Death warmed up

REFRESHED and invigorated by the customary midsummer lull, Bad Drama has made a vengeful return during the last week. ITV's **Whodunnit: Murder In Space** concerns itself with a hilarious chain of death aboard an impressive-looking Airfix kit allegedly returning from Mars. Olga Denerenko, scientist and cosmonaut, has high cheekbones and a sort of ritzy erotic stare and, when earthbound, she's married to a newly appointed member of the Politburo whose character and politics make Stalin's behaviour a model of affability and restraint. But, stuck in space for five months, Mrs Denerenko has spent her free time hopping about like a rabbit with most of the crew and, when she winds up dead, it's not surprising that she's two months pregnant.

Or, at least, it is. An habitual fornicator of Mrs Denerenko's evident zest and stamina would surely be armed with all manner of contraceptive technology. At any rate, the Americans at Mission Control raise their eyebrows, grit their teeth, inform the Vice President and try to stop funny-voiced Soviet observer Martin Balsam from finding out what's going on up there. But people have started to die. One gets strangled; another confuses cyanide with insulin; a third simply blows up.

It occured to me, far too early on, that the simplest way to find out what's going on up there would be to order the murderer to get on with it as rapidly as possible. Given the extravagantly high mortality rate in this episode alone, whoever it is should have had that snazzy construction kit to him/herself within another ten minutes. But these are androids, not people. *Dallas* should have taught anyone making up-market pulp that the characters need to be delineated with flamboyant distinction, however chic they look. In this programme the women are there to bend over instrument panels in tight space suits, the men are filling the roles traditionally taken by actors in this kind of thing and Martin Balsam is, I suppose, what's laughingly called the Guest Star, lending his colourless bulk to a show that could only be redeemed by the tough jaw and mighty presence of Charlton Heston. I admit it's neatly edited and briskly paced but I can't believe anyone gives a damn.

On Monday BBC2 did what it does much too frequently when a languid piece of pseudo-Edwardian kitsch hits the screen in the 9.00 spot. Supposedly adapted from one of the many real stinkers in the BBC's seemingly inexhaustible, bulk-bought library of turn-of-the-century literary refuse, **My Brother Jonathan** quickly established itself as virulently characteristic of the genre. Two

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handsome young men have a wild, impossible, eccentric father who fancies himself as a poet, a long-suffering, high-cheekboned mother who was once what is euphemistically called 'a beauty', and are chasing a pretty, overdressed person who's on the screen principally because she has the right skin. In these back-lit exercises in snobbish pulchritude only the working class are ugly and, true to form, two stiff, nasty-looking bailiffs walked in to dispossess the wild, eccentric father who also writes poetry etc. etc.

Wild eccentricity is, of course, a patrician term for abominably florid over-acting and Mark Kingston, playing Byron with his arms and Shelley with his voice, demolished Episode One singlehanded. 'She was once a fine Shakespearian actress,' he boomed, looking at some new example of porcelain, Pre-Raphaelite haute couture who could plainly never have been anything of the sort. 'The hair that lay upon her back was yellow like ripe corn,' he intoned, unwittingly giving the whole undignified charade a splendid alternative title. *Ripe Corn* is going to be with us for five weeks. 'Father's poems are magnificent,' said one brother, his voice treacle-thick with admiration. 'The Bible's better,' replied the other, who clearly has a future reading scripts. People talk like this in James Joyce but, in fairness, they're usually drunk. The BBC have been demanding a licence increase on the basis of this sort of drivel for far too long. A report to the Director General along the lines of 'terminate with extreme prejudice' would seem to be in order.

For a few weeks now Thames have been screening Gerry Anderson's marvelous marionette adventure series, **Fireball XL5**, and I urge anyone who hasn't seen it to stay in or set the video. Anderson is probably the nearest this country has ever come to producing a children's myth maker on the level of Walt Disney and his achievement is still appallingly undervalued. He began with a puppet Western, then turned to early Sixties SF with *Supercar, Fireball XL5, Stingray, Thunderbirds, Captain Scarlet* and the somewhat anticlimactic *Joe 90*. Many of these shows are to be seen at some anti-social hour in the regional networks and they confirm indisputably Anderson's genius for luminous, dream-fraught adventure and spellbinding, childlike excitement.

As the different formats followed one another, Anderson's puppets became more life-like and, arguably, less compelling. Mike Mercury, who jetted round the world in *Supercar*, was, I'd guess, the ugliest adventure hero children have ever seen — a lantern-jawed gargoyle with vast hairy eyebrows and an enormously likeable personality. *Fireball*'s Steve Zodiac, though, is blond, clean cut and almost parodically good-looking. He puts up with his scatterbrained, rather incompetent Professor Mattic because he likes the guy and he dates Venus, a Bambi-eyed Sixties doll with a husky French accent, in a splendid hi-tech Cadillac. Gerry Anderson, his voice artists, his designers and his puppeteers made some of the most original and least condescending entertainment ever offered to children in this country and I hope that, one day, his work will be given its full artistic credit. In the meantime, watch the network listings, particularly at weekends. These programmes are unlikely to be bettered. □

Cliff Harper

Pumping iron

Nicholas Murray

HE'S POLITE, easy-going, but there's a slight holding back. They can smell it: the whiff of agnosticism behind the guileful facade of huff and puff.

I'm stretched out on the exercise mat in Dave Prowse's gym in Marshalsea Road at the Borough being put through my preliminary paces. Dave is an enormous, barrel-chested man — he played the non-speaking part of Darth Vader in *Star Wars* and he's the Green Cross Man in the road safety advertisements. He's also the former British Weightlifting Champion. But there's nothing showbiz about Dave — although everyone knows about *Star Wars* and small boys occasionally appear at the door of the gym asking for his autograph. His mellow, West Country accent is admirably suited to the cod-bucolic idiom habitually deployed in this business: 'Ooh, your old tummy muscles are in a fair old way.' A gentle giant, who takes a couple of minutes to manoeuvre himself out of the mandatory low-slung grey Jensen.

I'm on the mat deciding whether to sign on for a year (£190 for an unlimited number of sessions) of basic weight training. I worry that it isn't really me. I don't play games and even at school preferred to disappear into the long grass during cricket matches and bunk off into the woods during cross-country runs. Dave has just asked me whether I play squash and, alarmed, is trying to come to terms with my negative response. Later he is to tell me that I am 'below par' compared with the heavy mob of iron-pumpers who generally present themselves.

I'm not a physical wreck exactly — I do lots of walking and don't own a car — it's more a matter of that slow, equatorial ooze and the fact that certain muscles don't get exercised. I've walked past the gym hundreds of times on my way home and have finally plucked up the courage to reverse the habits of a lifetime and put myself into the harness of some form of regular exercise.

The first hurdle is the sit-up. Lying on my back I discover that I can't even sit up once, even with Darth Vader holding down my toes. Disgraceful. But progress is astonishingly rapid and within a month I will be doing about 60 per session and, for good measure, on a board raised at an acute angle. Next come the leg raises which aren't quite so fiendish. After 30 of these I see a thread of what looks like cigarette smoke drifting over my head. Surely they don't allow fags in a place like this? Suddenly I realise it's steam rising from my brow. This *must* be doing me good.

After the miracle of being able to sit up comes the triumph of the tricep dip. This is where you put your feet on a bench and your hands on a pair of raised grips that leave you suspended like a fakir in mid-air. The trick is to lower the bum to the ground and then raise yourself up again by pushing hard on the grips. Thirty times. To start with I could do barely one or two but now — yes, you become insufferably smug in this game — three sets of ten are polished off *fairly* easily.

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The rest of it involves lifting and squatting and stretching and pressing until after an hour your hair is like a soaked mop-head and you stagger down to the showers with a virtuous feeling of having done yourself *lots* of good. After the introductory exercise programme you are put onto a routine with weights assessed on your individual capacity. Gradually these are increased as you move on to what Dave calls 'something a little bit more serious'.

The atmosphere at the Marshalsea Road gym (next door to a famous DHSS emergency pay-out office) is mercifully free from Covent Garden-style *chic*. Most users are working-class, there is no trendy Nautilus equipment and there's a gratifying absence of beautiful people. One of my mental exercises while lying on my back pushing up weights is to devise arbitrary taxonomies: the Prancing Narcissists, the Porcine Lurchers, the Simian Swaggerers, the Plucky Fatsos, the Furious Wimps and, of course, the People Like Me.

If the object of the exercise is to create beautiful bodies (why else are we surrounded by all those mirrors?) I'm not sure that everyone is succeeding. Too many top-heavy, bulging Michelin men, lumbering about the gym, grunting and gasping, seem to fall short of my notional ideal of a trim, well-proportioned physique. But one of my first surprises is to find that at least half the users are actually trying to *put on* weight — to turn themselves into incredible hulks who can kick sand in anyone's face with impunity. The gym is clearly in need of some Procrustean god to redistribute fat from those who have to those who have not. Life just isn't fair, nor particularly economic of all this perspiring effort.

Although the gym is mixed there are slightly more men than women, most, like me, in their thirties, particularly in the upstairs gym. The inevitable *machismo* is usually kept under control. Sexism is part of the ethos of the gym but could be more obtrusive than it is. Dave occasionally lets out his premises at hefty fees to soft-porn photographers and once suggested that I use one of the machines downstairs in the awesome Lower Gym as the upstairs version was 'all right for the women'. Locker room dialogues present a predictable mixture of sexist innuendo and racist crudities. There is some limited sexual *braggadocio* of a generally implausible kind about putative conquests which one takes with a pinch of salt. Besides, most people keep themselves to themselves and don't join in these verbal displays. Cold self-sufficency is another stratagem in the gymnastic style wars.

So far I've managed to stick at it, even managing to re-start the engine after a month's holiday. To the question: 'I bet you feel fit?' my reply is always ambiguous. The fact is that I never felt particularly unfit, although it has been proved that I was. It would amaze all those barking sadists who tried to beat sport into me at school to hear me say it but I really rather enjoy myself with the weights.

In the sauna one night another member explained the addictive lure of the iron:

> You're on holiday, right, stretched out on the beach with your missus, and then you see it: 'Jewseppy's Gym'. Wallop! You're right in there. No messing. □

Naseem Khan

On parade

YEARS ago, when the Notting Hill Carnival showed signs of growing and growing, some people came up with the idea of shifting it off the streets and into the neat confines of White City Stadium. Just how wrong they were was proved a few days ago when, for the second year running, Carnival previewed the teams' major costumes within that very same stadium. A useful occasion in itself — it can be hard to find all the bands in Notting Hill's packed streets — and one, after a long day of rain and gloom, which eventually took off; but a taster, not a substitute for Europe's largest street festival and the unique celebration of popular arts that is Carnival proper.

At midday (official starting time) on a grey, cold Sunday, it didn't look as though it would even be a taster. A yellow tractor crawled round dumping barriers. Technicians tested mikes. Large, determined women unloaded shoals of ready-fried fish for invisible people. A few early bands were there, setting up the costumes that were to be judged in four categories: King, Queen, Male Individual and Female Individual. Hackney United Carnival Club, for instance, were at one end assembling their 'Fantasia Garden'. Flowers and fruit are not new to Carnival, but the team's designer, Robert Lee-Moy, has taken them a step further, with ingenious movable structures. Hackney's Queen stands in the middle of and partly supporting a vast scarlet flower whose petals she can open and close with a lever. Twenty-foot high, in a spring-welded frame, it is backed by a flower-topped waterfall. The club's Female Individual ('Metamorphosis') is designed even more radically to change from caterpillar to butterfly.

Nearby, Perpetual Beauty, another Hackney club, were fitting their costumes ('Fire') together. The Queen ('Chariots of Fire') supported a vast, glittering structure flanked by white, soft-sculpture horses. More of a potential problem was the King, 'Fire and the Remnants'. A 20-foot high disc, glowing orange on one side and ashen silver on the other, it could, feared designers Lincoln Rahamut and Hazel Goldman, be unstable in the day's winds.

Each year, experience teaches the designers of the 30 or so mas bands on the road (each with costumed followers of, in some cases, over a hundred and a steel band or sound system) new arts and devices. Last year, Flamingo Carnival Club played 'Sea Fantasy': wonderful iridescent sea-shells, lobsters and other creatures that Work in Progress appreciated in its first column. Magnificent — but, on the road, said Martha Fevier and designer Billy Nicholas, less than perfect. The foam rubber proved heavy to carry for hours. So this year Nicholas has experimented with polystyrene sheeting for the band's striking theme of 'Bird Sanctuary'. On the road, their King and Queen — wearing lovely 15-foot-high shimmering green wings with lots of little bright birds attached to them on quivering wires — will be followed by about 60 flamingoes and ravens. Their heads will be fibre glass — faster to make in bulk than the more traditional bent-wire base.

The display in the evening, when the spotlights could pick out the glorious costumes (and the heavy rain, which stopped afternoon events, had mainly ceased) was dazzling: maybe more dazzling than it all will be on the road, for this was high spot after high spot.

As ever with Carnival, extraordinary flights of imagination moved past. Perpetual Beauty's 'Remnants of Fire' — preceded on the stadium's running track by two girls with a pungently smoking bin — blazed out wonderfully (and remained steady) in the strong lights that sliced through the darkness. Genesis — who will have 150 people playing with them on the day — brought out an impressive South American mas designed by Vernon Williams: huge, glittering discs towering over their players' heads, with dazzle and feathers and, in the case of the King, a large eagle. Ashton Charles's 'Satanic Charm' designs for the band Twentieth Century showed his usual, unmatchable stylishness.

Not all were as identifiable, for the PA system was far from clear. Many bands had chosen to play insect life. Several glorious butterflies, spiders and variegated birds capered by, egged on by dancing supporters with whistles and a highy discriminating crowd. Skeletons, planets, a rainbow. A superb mother-of-pearl bird with shimmering wings and a gold beak. Little wonder that the judges never made a decision that evening at all.

Their task was made marginally easier by the fact that some bands had elected not to come to White City. Anton Holder's section of Ebony didn't come, for instance, since he believes that competition is against the spirit of Carnival. Instead, he would like to see a far broader base of participation. 'Mas is for the people. Let the people play mas,' declared his cap firmly. His designs for his section — black male bats and silver female ones — are his own interpretation of Ebony's overall theme, 'Wings on the Wind', and a counterpart to other sections' Golden Eagle and Gala Bird. 'My most successful productions,' said Holder, 'have been mostly macabre.'

Through all the drizzle and cold and in the frankly hideous surroundings — floodlit prison to one side, vast hospital ventilation chimney to the other — loud and clear the passion and the dedication came over. It's an illogical passion, leading perfectly sane people to give up their holidays, their jobs, their savings, their homes (front rooms will have been taken over for weeks now by material, machines and growing racks of costumes) and their sleep to create fantasies for a few brief hours of glory. 'They're buying,' said Holder, 'total escapism. Not a costume, but an experience.' A unique example of popular art, it will, with a bit of luck and clear skies, be shared by a quarter of a million people this Bank Holiday. □

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Weekend competition

No 2887 **Set by E.O.Parrott**

We've had pop songs in support of the miners and famine relief (and, now, there's about to be one in protest against apartheid) but what about those causes so dear to the Right? Max. 12 lines of pop lyrics, please, in support of cruise missiles, student grant cuts, greater powers for the police and suchlike. Deadline: 4 September.

No 2884 **Set by A. Boteman**

Vituperative verses addressed to machines.

Report **By Rosie Hughes**

Cars it is that trouble you the most. (Or should I say, 'Cars they are . . .') In any case, dears, since they seem to upset both those of you who own them and those of you who don't, it's crossed my mind that the *first* lot might have a little *think about the matter*. And, *while you're doing* it, you might like to know that one person only was moved to get peevish with a push-bike. (Speaking of which, I was wondering, Margaret, have you checked that the mudguard isn't bent? Oh, and while I'm about it: Noel, a Phillips screw can sometimes be turned with an ordinary potato peeler.) Now, where was I? Yes — well done. Not *quite* as brilliant as last week, but ten pounds each for the hate-poems printed below.

My bike is a blackguard;
I shall not want another.
It leadeth me to pile-up on wet tram tracks;
Soon, the tank runneth over.
Yea, as I crawl through Thames Ditton,
Its stalls and back-fires much discomfort me;
Even the battery seems hooked by distilled waters.
It anointeth my head with oil,
To become, I fear, fable to mine enemies.
Surely the darned thing won't trouble me all the days of my life,
Or I shall dwell in the House of the Insane
For ever.

PASCOE POLGLAZE

Driving in the rain, the rain
ceases and I flip the wiper
for a final wipe.
And the wiper goes on wiping nothing,
and scraping the glass and won't stop.
So I pull off the road and stop the engine
and the wiper stops wiping.
But when I drive away it starts again,
wiping and scraping and screeching.
It drives me mad.
Then the rain begins again
and the wiper stops wiping.

JOHN SWEETMAN

To My Lighter

Infuriating strange device!
The names I give you are not nice.
In vain I press your silvered lever,
But you seem born a non-achiever.
'A match, a match!' I cry in pique,
But *yours* is one I'll never seek.
Of your defect, I find no hint:
Do you lack gas? Or else a flint?
Both are concealed by screws with springs:
You press them back — each swiftly wings
And hides itself from mortal view:
No wonder that the air turns blue.

C. FEVER

A suction cleaner should suck and clean
(Know what I mean?)
But you, you gruesome old bag on wheels,
With hideous howls and irksome squeals,
Leave grime and grit wherever you've been.
Instead of sucking in the filth
You work it to a mealy tilth
And spread it round, you vile machine;
You blow, you blow instead of suck
You foul disseminant of muck.
You are obscene (know what I mean?).
A suction cleaner should suck and clean.

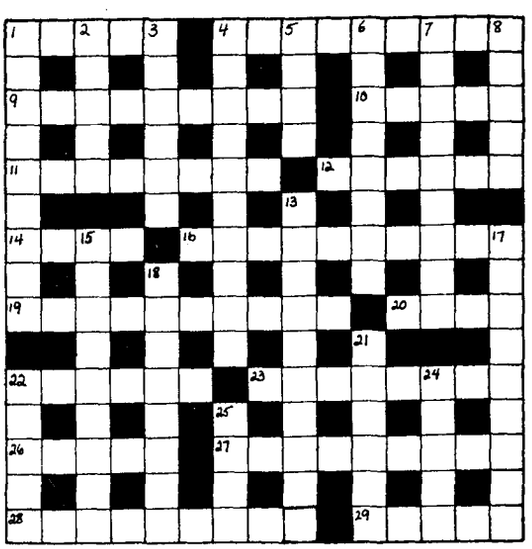
GERARD BENSON

Washing machines are corruptly designed
By a cartel of loonies who swindle us blind;
Their evil intention is first to ensure
An outward appearance deceptively pure,
Then they arrange that systems internal
Are hell-holes of danger and darkness infernal,
A maze wherein anything tugged from its base
Needs the arms of a gibbon to fix and replace,
A booby-trapped jungle of razor-sharp tin
And festoons of cable as lethal as sin.
God rot inventors, I'm off now to seek
A bloody great stone by a desolate creek.

PHILIP A. NICHOLSON

Weekend Crossword 1490

PRIZES: £5 Book Tokens for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1490, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU, by first post 10 September.



Name _____

Address _____

_____

_____

ACROSS

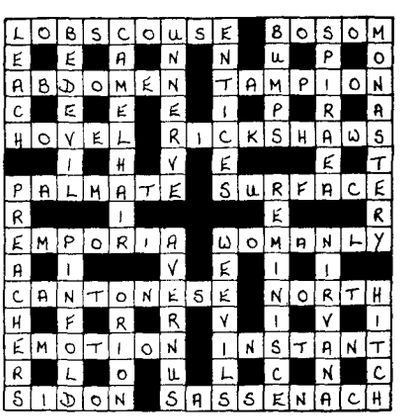
1. Wooden lawyers? (5)
4. Seaman about to steal from admiral (9)
9. Town built frequently by the most vulgar (9)
10. Cut back writing in tests (5)
11. Immoral behaviour when man embraces many (8)
12. Determination is needed by a fast bowler (6)
14. Food which is stored in a boat soons rots(4)
16. There is no schedule included by some irregular flyers (10)
19. Make notes about rubbish in one's sleep (10)
20. Was accustomed to be employed (4)
22. Hinder from showing him pedestrian crossings (6)
23. Corporal punishment and cells in an underground place (8)
26. Machine which is about an hour slow (5)
27. A relation turns awkward and he brings about an estrangement (9)
28. Repeating uncritically to make an old man communicate about rubbish (9)
29. Tricks which would give advantages without a king (5)

DOWN

1. Agricultural blades seen as a man makes a stroke (9)
2. Fresher sounds hesitant at college (5)
3. Men not up to being an actor (6)
4. It helps provide a platform to bring down the council (10)
5. Chooses to stop being broadcast (4)
6. I bleed in being torn up by what is too tough (8)
7. They are invented by subeditors but the chief puts in the padding (9)
8. Files which give a right to poisoners (5)
13. Crazy moron followed by a ruler behaving strangely (10)
15. A strange saint would appear if the player were beheaded (9)
17. The team blushes, the cheeky things! (9)
18. Child of Egypt not up and gone astray (8)
21. Girl embraced by man in style (6)
22. Exists with insolence somewhere near Oxford (5)
24. To sea as an explorer (5)
25. Apart from one place in Italy (4)

SETSQUARE

Solution to 1488



Prizewinners to 1488

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Can You Tackle Low Pay?

Greenwich Council recently launched 'Greenwich Against Low Pay' — a Borough wide campaign against low pay.

The Council now want to appoint a co-ordinator, to continue this initiative and to develop the Council's strategic role to combat low pay.

The worker appointed would be placed in the Council's Economic Development Unit and would have the support of a wide-ranging group of Council and Voluntary Sector workers and trade unionists.

The job offers an exciting opportunity to someone with campaigning skills who has the clear understanding of the politics of low pay, a commitment to the needs of low paid workers — particularly women and workers from minority communities — and an experience of wider employment issues.

For further information telephone Katherine Riley, Women's Adviser and Co-Ordinator 'Greenwich Against Low Pay', 01-854 8888 Ext. 2058.

Application form from Chief Executive, London Borough of Greenwich, Peggy Middleton House, 50 Woolwich New Road, Woolwich, SE18. Tel: 01-854 8888 Ext. 2034.

Closing date: 6 September 1985.

The Council positively welcomes applications from women, ethnic minorities and disabled people.

GREENWICH
People and Services First

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Theatre

ROYAL SHAKESPEARE COMPANY 01-628 8795/638 8891 24hr info 628 2295
BARBICAN THEATRE
RICHARD III — special charity perf. Sun 8 Sep 4pm
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST — 27-28 Aug, Final perfs 6-7, 11-22 Sept
HAMLET — 24-26 Aug, 4-5 Sep, final perfs 13, 14 Sep
RED NOSES by Peter Barnes "Superb new comedy" Gdn, — final perfs 31 August-3 Sep

THE PIT
THE WAR PLAYS by Edward Bond 24, 26 Aug, 4-5 Sep

BLOOMSBURY THEATRE 01-387 9629
Tonight and tomorrow 8pm **HARVEY AND THE WALLBANGERS** in **LIKE MEN POSSESSED** 26-31 Aug 8pm (& 4pm Sat) CAMBRIDGE INDEPENDENT THEARTRE in 'GRAEFE'

NATIONAL THEATRE 01-928 2252
Olivier (open stage) 'Coriolanus',
'Pravda — A Fleet Street Comedy',
'A Chorus of Disapproval! Lyttelton (proscenium stage) 'She Stoops to Conquer',
'The Duchess of Malfi'. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 01-928 2256

HALF MOON THEATRE 213 Mile End Road. 01-790 4000. From Wed 28 Aug (press night Thur 29) **Moving Picture Mime Show** in **THE COMPLEAT BERK**. Directed by Ken Campbell. Tickets from £2.80 + concs.

Poetry

POETRY OF OUR TIME, Love, Politics and War. London voices with Peggy Seeger and Mogg Williams. Purcell Room RFH, Thurs. 5 September 7.30pm. Tickets £2. 01-928 3191.

"ONE OF THE BEST PLAYS OF 1984...AND ONE OF THE MOST THRILLINGLY INDIVIDUAL OF THE LAST DECADE" SUNDAY TIMES

ALAN HOWARD GEMMA JONES JENNY AGUTTER
BREAKING THE SILENCE
BY STEPHEN POLIAKOFF
DIRECTED BY RON DANIELS
RSC
01.236 5568, 741 9999 MERMAID THEATRE

LISTINGS

ILFORD Sponsor a holiday for sacked miners and their families. £35 pays for one person's holiday in Wales. Donations and details: **Sally Davison 01-478 2948/985 9342, Miners' Children Holiday Fund, 335 Ley St, Ilford, Essex.**

SAT 24 AUG

LONDON Emergency Rally in Solidarity with S. African Miners. Assemble 11am Jubilee Gdns, York Rd, SE1. Rally 2pm South African Embassy, Trafalgar Sq. **Org. City of London AA Grp. BM Box City AA, WC1N 3XX. 01-837 6050.**

AYLESHAM, Kent 3-dy. Mines not Missiles Festival Snowdown Welfare Club grounds. **Details: Roger Gates Canterbury 459676.**

MON 26 AUG

HAMPSTEAD Tools Workshop — come and help clean, sharpen and pack tools into carpentry kits in response to appeal from Principal of Solomon Mahlangu Freedom College in Mazimbu and Dakawa Farming and building project in Tanzania. Wear working clothes. 11am-4pm Hampstead Community Centre, 79 High St, NW3. Refreshments. **Details: Jan Hoogendyk, Hon. Organiser London Region of 'Tools for Self Reliance' 01-794 1461.**

TUES 27 AUG

STREATHAM Streatham & Norbury CND Newcomer's meeting 8.15pm Streatham Library. Disabled access. **Details: Paul or Jeanne 01-677 2183.**

SAT 31 AUG

LONDON 'What Future for Guyana after Burnham'. Spkr. Andaiye, International Secretary of Working Peoples' Alliance of Guyana. Film 'In the Sky's Wild Noise' featuring Walter Rodney. 5-8pm Ethnic Minorities' Centre, 5 Westminster Br. Rd, SE1. **Details: WPA Support Grp. (UK) 01-317 9131/573 3601.**

WORKINGTON Cumbria Assoc. of Trades Councils day school on problems of Nuclear Power 10am 4pm Trades Hall, Workington. Lunch £1 unless nominated by a Trades Cncl. **Apply: Nuclear Power Day Schl, C/O NUPE, 62 Lowther St, Carlise.**

SWISS COTTAGE 2-dy. Festival. Activities at Community Centre, Winchester Project, Cinema Action, The Square, Sports Pitch. Dancing from 8pm-3am to Zagada & Flamingo Sounds Disco. Tickets: £4.50. **Details: Andy Gregg, Swiss Cottage Community Centre, 19 Winchester Rd, NW3 01-586 5272.**

SPEAKERS CORNER, Hyde Park. Rally for Solidarnosc — 5 years on. Spkrs. from TUs, all political parties, Charter 77, Afghanistan resistance. March to Soviet Embassy. **Org. Polish Solidarity Campaign & Solidarnosc info. Office UK 01-874 8635.**

FORTHCOMING

5 SEPT LONDON South Asia Forum — Dalit Struggle in India' — fight for justice by Untouchables of India. Spkr. Amarjeet Singh 7.30pm Tara Arts Centre, 356 Garratt La, SW18. Adm. by donation. **Details: 01-871 1458.**

7 SEPT LONDON S. Asian Arts Forum Funding & Future of S. Asian Music' 2pm Tara Arts Centre, 356 Garratt La, SW18. Spkrs. incl. Ken Robinson of Arts Express, Viram Jasani of Arts Council Music Panel. **Details: 01-871 1458.**

Sorry, but we can't accept entries over the phone. Entries must be received by Friday preceding issue date. We reserve the right to exclude items without giving reasons and are not responsible for errors. Space is strictly limited so if you definitely want your item to appear, we suggest you book it as an ad under the appropriate classified heading. See main heading for rates, etc.

MEETINGS

KRISHNAMURTI: the well-known revolutionary religious speaker and educator, will be holding public talks and discussion meetings at Brockwood Park Educational Centre, Bramdean, nr Alresford, Hants, at 11.30 a.m. on 24, 25, 27, 29, 31 August and 1 September. No tickets needed. For details of train and coach arrangements from London, please telephone Bramdean 228.

HOLIDAYS/ TRAVEL

CHEAPEST FARES. Paris, Caracas, Port of Spain, Singapore, Sydney, Hong Kong, Jo'burg, Nairobi, Istanbul, anywhere. Fareplan, 60-66 Wardour Street, W1. 01-734 9772.

JOURNEY LATIN AMERICA. Low cost flights, holiday journeys. 3-6 weeks. JLA, 16 Devonshire Road, London W4 2HD. 01-747 3108.

LAKES: Self-catering. Share writer's remote farmhouse. Single/double rooms £33/£53 p.w. Discounts unwaged. 06576 612.

SOUTH FRANCE. Writer touring, camping, September, 2-3 weeks, has vacant seats, tents. 06576 612.

TRIED THE REST, now try the best. For low air fares to world-wide destinations inc. Africa. SHL, 313A Hoe St, London E17. 01-520 7911.

ACCOMMODATION

ACCOM. FROM 1 Oct. O/r, shared use of comf. c.h. house, SE17. £125 p.c.m. inc. (or £100 Mon.-Fri.). Ring 01-703 6838 (01-701 4706 eves, wkend). Non-smoking.

THERAPY

MUSIC THERAPY, LGSM. 01-373 7968 (Answerphone). Individual sessions. No previous musical skill required.

SERVICES

AUDIO/COPY TYPING, word processing. Neat, efficient, competitive. Jenny Burke: 01-892 8929.

QUALITY TYPING. English, German, French. Moderate charges. Anne Shotts: 01-452 6617.

THE TYPING POOL a women's co-operative. Professional low cost typing of articles, thesis, letters etc. from script or tape. Translation and typing of French, German, Spanish and Italian. Central London. Tel: 01-430 0381.

WORD PROCESSING -- professional perfection for only £8.50 an hour! 01-624 1432 (24 hrs).

FINANCIAL

IMMEDIATE ADVANCES £100-£25,000. Written terms on request. Regional Trust Ltd, 31 Dover St, London W1A 4RT. 01-491 2934.

SALARIED PERSONS Postal Loans Ltd. Loans from £50. 175 Regent Street, London W1. For written quote apply: Tel. 01-734 1974.

BOOKS

GUILDHALL BOOKSHOP, York St, Twickenham. 100,000 scarce, secondhand & o.p. books. Mon.-Sat. 10-5.30.

REVIEW COPIES and other books in fine condition bought and sold by Vermilion Books, 57 Red Lion St, London WC1. Tel: 01-242 5822.

PERSONAL

ANYONE WHO knows the whereabouts of Miss Yolandveitch, once of Muswell Hill and then Willoughby Road, NW3, please contact Jacob Perlmutter on telephone 01-459 2569 evenings.

PARENTS of slim, attractive, educated, home-loving Asian girl, 24, of quiet disposition, wish to meet suitable young man between 28-30 with secure employment, with ultimate view of marriage. Box (34)1365.

PRIZE WINNING young artist seeks commissions in all forms, including murals, London scenes, etc. Prompt delivery. Box (34)1359.

HEARTSEARCH

AFFECTIONATE, ATTRACTIVE woman, forties, interested: arts, music, cinema, travel, cooking — seeks lively, professional male, with warm, outgoing nature, for caring relationship, hopefully permanent. London/East Surrey. Box (34)1352.

A GENTLEMAN OF MEANS, young 58, resident Kensington, seeks acquaintance of an attractive lady with style. Preferably under 45 and, like him, a bit special. No Tories or bores. Socio/economic group immaterial. Box (34)1347.

ARE YOU a lively minded individual, 18-80, enjoying the arts, discussions, conferences, rambles, dancing? The Progressive League caters for Mind, Body and intellectual Stimulus. And it's so cheap. Ring 01-452 8358.

ATTRACTIVE, SOCIALIST male, 20, recently arrived in London, already bored with TV and can't do crosswords, seeks amusing, interesting female, hopefully for mutual pleasure. Box (34)1346.

CORRESPONDENCE SOUGHT with warm, caring, impulsive woman with view to meeting next year, by tall Englishman, 45, graduate, all-rounder living in Scandinavia. Box (34)1349.

DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs and firm, lasting relationships including marriage. All ages, all areas. Free details: Dateline Computer Dating, Dept. (7NS), 23 Abingdon Rd, London W8. Tel. 01-938 1011.

EDUCATED FOREIGN lady, 40s, British, would like to meet educated, professional Englishman. Age no bar. All answers will be treated confidentially. Box (33)1336.

GRADUATE MAN, 46, divorced single parent, supports Amnesty, Green Peace, enjoys music, theatre, seeks female for caring relationship. Lives Burton-on-Trent, but mobile. Box (33)1300.

IRISHWOMAN PLUMP, ancient but modern, smoker, living London, short on spondulicks but resourceful, seeks thinking man, possibly interested in country living, whilst retaining radical concerns. Box (34)1348.

LONDON MALE, PhD, 40s, seeks broad-minded, unfussy, affectionate female, probably under 38, view lasting relationship/marriage. Sincere and definitely seeking early success. Box (33)1321.

INDEPENDENT MINDED woman, 35, single parent; slim, sociable, non-smoker, seeks male friendship. Midlands. Box (34)1358.

LONDON MALE, 35, non-smoker, socialist, anti-sexist, social science teacher. Likes books, films, politics, conversation, occasional solitude. Seeks similar woman for lasting relationship. Box (34)1369.

MALE EX-LECTURER, 50, and almost everything else, looking for permanent end to isolation. Compulsive book-buyer, record hoarder and Guardian reader, needs organising. Box (33)1331.

MIDLANDS WOMAN, teacher, 36, separated, lively, not unattractive. Independent daughter. Interests: arts, travel. Seeks humorous, kind, honest male, similar interests. Friendship initially. No alcoholics, sexists. Box (34)1360.

OLD FRIENDS: an introduction agency for the over forties. Loneliness is not inevitable. Details from: Anne Brent, 18a Highbury New Park, London N5 2DB.

PERSONABLE, FIT, partly retired London executive in arid marriage, seeks discreet affectionate friendship with warm hearted, comely London lady of equable temperament, non-smoker, who may be seeking similar relationship based on mutual trust, to enjoy wining, dining, music and other good things of life. Box (34)1368.

PRESENTABLE, THOUGHTFUL married man, 52, seeks attractive married woman, 40ish, living or working in London, to meet for drinks, eats, chats and possible developing friendship. Box (34)1357.

PROFESSIONAL MAN, 41, single, relocating to Portsmouth shortly, seeks female friend/companion. Box (34)1351.

SUCCESSFUL BUSINESSMAN, 40s, foreign, university, non-smoker, handsome. Pursuits: intellect. Interests: world poverty. Politics: Rawlsian. Class: 'less'. Wishes to meet unattached woman postgrad., mature, over 35. Box (34)1364.

UNATTACHED MAN, 40s, wide interests, sincere, emotionally-supportive, seeks worldly, open-minded, humorous, hedonistic, sensuous female (professional status immaterial) to develop caring, special relationship. London.. Box (34)1362.

WELL-READ, well-travelled, 37 years-old, white male Anarchist, ex-con, seeks non-Caucasian woman for love and affection. Box (34)1350.

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